

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The reception accorded to Mayor Clark last Saturday night proved that he has a hold upon the public heart and that he is believed in and esteemed by a very large percentage of our citizens. His remarks in reply to the address which was presented to him were remarkable for the generosity with which he gave the credit of the successes he attained at London to Treasurer Coady and the Canadian friends who rallied to his assistance while he was there. Many men would have been so elated by success and the acclamation of fellow citizens that they would have indulged in boastful periods and a weary iteration of what "I have done." The modest remarks made by the Mayor, his eulogies of others, the kindness and consideration he showed to those about him, were in marked contrast to the envious carping of those who in his absence endeavored to blacken his record and steal from him the credit he so thoroughly deserves. Some of those who would like to be his opponents if they dare have been continually talking from the house tops of what they have accomplished. The *Telegram*, which has lost no opportunity of belittling his achievements and impugning his motives, never speaks of his failure to accomplish good for the city without calling attention to its own praiseworthy gift and patriotic course. If modesty be a merit surely then the mayor is meritorious while his loud-mouthed enemies are but blarney.

Of course the mayor's opponents argue that all this modesty is carefully calculated and intended for effect, but to believe it one would have to doubt the manliness of all men and the impulses of everyone who has a public position. I happened to be among the score of intimate friends who accompanied the mayor to his home after the reception, and may take the risk of being accused of divulging episodes which do not belong to the public, but which seemed to me to so well illustrate the man's character, that I intend to take the liberty of mentioning them. When he entered his home, the first to greet him was a white-haired old lady, one whose age has long been sheltered by his strong arm, his mother. With her hands clasping his face she kissed him over and over again and sobbed with joy to see her son safely home again. The utter forgetfulness of everybody and everything around him, his love for his old mother and family would have made me believe in him if I had not had full confidence in him before. There for a couple of hours we had a pleasant chat with the Mayor and Treasurer Coady, and the former with none but friends about him, and amidst kindly praise of those who have always known him and liked him and intend to stick to him, he was not betrayed into a single expression which did not harmonize with his public utterances. He pushed his conferees to the front, told how much his friends had done for him when negotiating a loan, showed his consideration for everybody, and seemed to make a point of interrupting the conversation when it turned in a complimentary way towards himself. It is by these things that we can best judge a man. People are always ready to say a man is hard and selfish and grasping and time-serving and a professional politician and all sorts of things, but when we know him and see how natural and lovable a man is we can tell better than if we know nothing of him save in a public capacity. It has been alleged that Mayor Clarke tries to appoint his friends to office and if his friends are worthy of his confidence it would be perfectly right if he did, but if those who are continually hinting at plots to give place and preferment to the personal favorites of the Mayor were to endeavor to point out a single instance where his private likings have influenced him to make an appointment injurious to the public good they would utterly fail. No Mayor that Toronto has had within my memory has been so free from a tendency to put his relatives, log rollers and henchmen into office as Mayor Clarke has been, and it is repulsive to generosity and good taste to see fault-finders who are continually endeavoring to do him harm by making insinuations which are not borne out by fact, but which are entirely opposed not only to his course, but to the policy of his friends who take a pride in him, believe in his future, and have refrained from pressing any real or imaginary claims upon him. I was glad to see on Saturday that the *Telegram* seeing the futility of its opposition, admitted that he can be mayor again, and on the other hand, I am sure that he won't want to be mayor any longer than the position will enable him to serve the public with the honest disinterestedness which has marked that portion of his administration which is in the past.

Attention has been called by more than one paper to the resignation of Mr. Prendergast from the Manitoba Cabinet, because his colleagues have seen fit to make the abolition of the dual language in public schools a portion of their policy. His course has certainly been in marked contrast with that of such men as Mackenzie Bowell, who owe their prominence and executive positions to the Orange men of Ontario, yet they quietly retain their places in the Dominion Government, even though that Government acquiesced in the allowance of such acts as the Jesuit Estates Bill. The Hon. Mackenzie Bowell evidently feels that he would rather remain a Cabinet Minister and be the recipient of the handsome stipend attached thereto, than to be a martyr to the Protestant principles which he professed with such warmth when in pursuit of that bubble reputation and the more substantial

perquisites of office. The resignation of Mr. Prendergast shows us that the French-Canadians demand entire loyalty and instant service in season and out of season, which the English speaking section does not even expect from their representatives. If the representatives of the English speaking people and those who claim to voice the sentiment of Protestantism are so dull in their perceptions and so ready to accept compromise, it is not wonderful that we are badly served while the French-Canadian members are so devout. Either we do not believe in the very noisy professions we make or else we are betrayed by those who represent us. That the French-Canadians do believe in the justice of their cause and its ultimate triumph is demonstrated by the instant punishment of the very rare examples of unfaithfulness on the part of their representatives.

The question whether it is ever right to tem-

these people is that they assert to themselves the right to decide what is good and what is evil, though they are aware that those whom they are attempting to direct hold very opposite views—views which have been endorsed in the past or which are now tacitly held by the vast majority of mankind. These people are nuisances and their zeal does not excuse their impertinence.

But in matters of government, where the nation is being conducted on old and well-established lines, where fundamental principles are at stake, where the right or the wrong of the matter has been decided by the experience of centuries and has been accepted by that portion of the world which we consider has the highest civilization, it is not egotistic for people to hold very decided views nor impertinence for them to assert them. In the matter, for instance of the French language in Manitoba, over

these abuses? It intimates that the cause of one language and one school system, though a noble policy in itself, may drive the present administration from power. It assumes that such a result, inasmuch as it would place the "Macdonald ringsters" in control, might delay the good work and "the consummation to be devoutly hoped for" for many years, if not make it impossible for ever. There is nothing in the contention. No matter how it may surround its words with cunningly-framed provisos, it has in effect advised Mr. Greenway to abandon what is right, lest he may lose power in endeavoring to be just and worthy of the trust which has been reposed in him by the people of his province.

If those who have wrested from ignorance, superstition and tyranny the privileges which we now enjoy had made Expedience their guide, had temporized with evil until some

of indulgences, and would not have made his journey to Worms, which he said he was determined to take if there were as many devils on the road as tiles on the rooftops. Huss and Wycliffe had they followed this plan would have laid low and kept a saloon until the people of England got ready, and the burning zeal of all the martyrs to whom we owe so much, had it acknowledged nothing more noble than the ethics of the *Globe* would not have ended amidst faggots and flames. If Scotch Covenanters had been as willing as some modern apostles to cloak their departure from principle and the acceptance of the evil laws of the time, quieting their consciences by shouting for the observance of a dead Sabbath while standing by and witnessing the crucifixion of living principles, the history of Scotland might have been different and the Presbyterian Church would have had no history at all. As far back as history reaches great movements have been begun by small minorities and great men are those who have been willing to suffer by beginning a fight before the times were ripe. It is in this way that times are ripened. If everybody had crawled under the barn at the approach of the enemy there would have been no fighting, and by simply burning the barns all the cowards and heretics could have been cleaned out at once. It is the men who stay out in the open and fight, who are esteemed worthy of a place in history. It has been by fighting and showing that the principles they believed in were worthy of espousal that the eyes of the world have been opened, and converts have been made and the attention of the world has been riveted. I knew an old gentleman once who from early wrongs inflicted upon himself and family, became a very bitter Grit, and he used to tell me that "it was the Tories who crucified Christ, and they have crucified every good man and good measure ever since." I don't agree with his classification, but I do hold that time-servers, believers in expedients have crucified more good men and good measures than have ever been put to death by those who were opposed to them. Thousands of men have started out full of zeal for the right, ready to suffer and if need be, die for a noble cause, and yet before the meridian of life had been reached they dropped out of sight, became broken-hearted, discouraged, or, worse still, recreant to their ideas of duty and friendship, hand and glove with those people and those ideas which they had denounced. No one imagines that these men were converted by the bitter opposition of their enemies; that sort of thing but feeds the fuel of determination. How is it then that so many who start right abandon the pursuit of justice and progress? It is because of their mean-spirited companions who, while agreeing with the righteousness of the cause, are continually whispering in their ear "Wait; the time is not ripe! You are sacrificing your future for a fad! You will never accomplish anything! People are laughing at you!" It is indeed these time-servers who are holding back the wheels of progress, plucking at the sleeve of courage, and clinging about the legs of millions of warriors that right might have if they had not to trample over their friends to get within sight of the enemy.

The *Globe* has often lamented the apathy of the Canadian people. For lo! these many years it has been unable to understand how people born with the incense of liberty within their nostrils could endure the wicked and reckless reign of Sir John Macdonald. In the old days the *Globe* used to fight, and more than once scored a victory, but of late years it has simply bemoaned this apathy, while within its own party it has counselled not a brave and uncompromising fight for right, but a waiting till the times were ripe—a waiting, in fact, till Sir John died or the country went to the dogs. The effect of this policy can be seen if we glance over the fields where the Liberal legions have fought and see the skeletons of those who have died, not in honorable battle but waiting for the enemy to be struck with the plague, or its general to be called hence. Ottawa is the Golgotha of Liberalism, filled with the skulls of men who have hung around Parliament, scared to have a principle, frightened to espouse any good cause, and of all their leaders the only man held in respect is old Alex. Mackenzie, who stuck to a principal even though it retired him to private life. The record of the party—the wreck of the party—is not such as should lead Premier Greenway to listen to the feeble counsels of those generals, who seem to think of nothing but preparations for flight, instead of devoting themselves to plans of attack. Just now Messrs. Greenway and Martin, loom up as the only men in the Liberal party who have a single sample left of the old fashioned principles. The Conservative party to-day is the radical party, the party of progress, the party that believes in the country and in itself, and instead of Manitoba politicians taking counsel of the *Globe* the *Globe* should send one of its reporters to Winnipeg to examine the principles held by Messrs. Greenway and Martin with instructions to report on the advisability of importing a good stalwart section of them into the *Globe* office, which, as a sort of a nest egg, might coax those who are doing so much cackling now to begin laying something.

The conundrum of the *Globe* is "what will the Manitoba Tories do?" It thinks they will at once coalesce with the French and thus succeed in defeating Greenway. I don't think so. If they do it they are no good. More Grits will take fright and run away from the Premier



HOLIDAYS.

porize with wrong, or at least how far we are justified in using expedients to delay a conflict with evil until we are prepared, or think we are prepared to overthrow it, is made difficult by the sophistry of those who imagine they may profit by delay or ultimately be enabled to abandon any pretense of bringing the matter to an issue by simply declaring that the evil has become so firmly rooted that a struggle with it would mean certain defeat. In the abstract it is always recognized that there is but one course open to those anxious to do right, and that is to fight evil wherever one finds it, without compromise or evasion. The doing of evil that good may come, is the pretence of those who desire to do evil, and cloak their tendencies with a pretended affection for good results. There are some, perhaps, who carry the idea of declaring war with evil to an absurd extent, who believe it their duty to reprimand people whose conduct they have not the slightest right to shape, and thus violate good taste and the amenities of life by continually introducing religious views at inopportune moments. The great trouble with

which the *Globe* and the *Mail* have been quarreling as to the question of expediency, there can be no mistake as to what is right and proper. There is no contention, except by the small minority whose prejudices are concerned as to the injustice of maintaining French and English as the official languages of Manitoba. None of those who are contending go so far as to assert that it is even a convenience to the minority, as those in the Northwest who can speak nothing but French cannot read at all, as a rule, while those who can read, can read English as well as French. The Separate School system has been shown to be exceedingly oppressive to the Protestant majority who are being forced to pay, not only for the education of their own children, but to perpetuate the prejudices of the minority and provide them with a much inferior order of education. The nationalization of the schools of Manitoba has been proven beyond a peradventure to be necessary in justice to the majority. Now where does the *Globe's* contention come in that it possibly may not be an opportune time for the Greenway government to attempt to reform

more favorable hour, had waited to begin battle until their armies could overwhelm those of Wrong, we would still be serfs, Liberty would be a fugitive and Christianity would not have a single martyr nor a solitary exponent. If Paul and Silas had waited till public opinion at Philippi had become ready for their preaching they would not have been asked. If Paul had waited until Rome was anxious to hear him preach he would have decided that the preaching of the gospel was "to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness," and in Rome a dangerous experiment, and would have died a Pharisaical dupe or an itinerant tent-maker, instead of going down in history as one whose life work is second only to that of our Saviour himself. If Luther had consented to see the church becoming more profligate every day until he had the majority of the electors on his side, if he had lived till now would have been still hawking about a petition for the suppression of the sale

in their haste to join the French movement and thereby make themselves solid, than Tories will. Manitobans are a courageous and independent people. The prairies and new associations have given them broader views than are entertained by some of the people of the hide-bound East. Greenway may make a new deal, and secure the support of a majority of the Conservatives; there may be a coalition government. But if he abolishes the dual language and the pestiferous Separate School system he shall have accomplished more than all of his wobble-jointed critics will bring about from now till Doomsday.

Hamilton's carnival has been a great success and the people of that place who have been accustomed to think that Toronto newspapers are given to jealousy and to belittling the Ambitious City have only to look at the full reports and high encomiums given by the press of this city to their worthy enterprise to be convinced that they have had the sympathy and have merited the appreciation of Toronto. Nor should the success of their effort be without a lesson to ourselves. Ever since the first of July and the successful effort then made by Toronto I have been reiterating the necessity for a grand summer carnival in Toronto in 1890. Now that our citizens have been enabled to see the enormous benefit the carnival has been to the Hamiltonians I feel encouraged to re-open the question and to again suggest that Toronto begin immediately after our Industrial Fair to prepare for summer festivities on a most magnificent scale. Twenty five or thirty thousand dollars granted by the city and as much more raised by the citizens, would ensure such a gigantic success that the whole of North America would hear of the splendors of our summer and our city. Every department upon which we pride ourselves should be organized to contribute evidence to the visitors that we believe in the supremacy of Toronto in Canadian affairs. Our militia, our school system, our police and fire brigades, our shipping and our aquatic sports, our music can be shown to the world as unequalled by any other city of the same size, surrounded by the same conditions.

We once attempted a masical festival in Toronto and it was a success. If we tried it again it would be a much greater success. Frequently I have urged a dramatic festival, and in conversation the other day with Mr. O. B. Sheppard, manager of the Grand Opera House, he told me if Toronto had a summer carnival he would bring such a galaxy of talent to his theater as has never been seen playing together in America. I urged the idea of a Shakespearean revival in which Booth, Barrett, Mjeska and other lights of the stage might appear together in Shakespearean plays. I believe such a combination would attract the most cultured people from all over Canada to the city, and he assured me that he would do his part to make the festival heard of throughout the United States by providing such a summer entertainment as had never yet been devised in America. It only requires a union of forces to give Toronto a week of festivity such as never marked the progress of any similar city. That it would be profitable to us all is plainly to be seen, because the visitors who would be attracted would be of such a class as would freely spend their money amongst our merchants, and the diversity of enjoyment offered would be so great that every town and hamlet would contribute, not of one class only, but of all classes who have a few dollars to spend, and it would bring to us really more immediate prosperity than anything we have yet tried. More than this, it would be an advertisement of the city. Those who came here to spend a few days might be led to make it their home. Tourists going to their favorite watering places would come this way and help fill up Muskoka and benefit the whole province. I think the citizens of Toronto cannot begin to talk about this matter and to make plans for carrying out the idea any too soon.

The discussion of the famous Maybrick poisoning case has elicited the fact that Mrs. Maybrick is the bad daughter of a bad mother. It seems to have been the habit with these women to poison objectionable husbands and to experiment with new ones. Perhaps, if the shadow of crime and wantonness had not rested darkly over the head of the mother the daughter's life and fate might have been vastly different, and it suggests the responsibility a mother should feel that her life should be such as not only to merit for herself a place amongst the good, but to afford such an example to her daughters as will lead them to prize virtue and domestic happiness above the allurements and excitements of intrigue and immorality. There seems superficially to be no reason why a woman should not be allowed the same latitude as a man. It seems a shame that those social sins which are forgiven in the male sex should forever ostracize the woman from society. It is doubtless unjust, and yet a woman's responsibilities are greater and her temptations are less than those of a man. If she is domestic in her habits but few temptations assail her, while mankind has to mix with all sorts and conditions of people, and these surroundings have a diabolically demoralizing effect. If women have the same surroundings their purity is apt to suffer. I have a great deal of sympathy for women. I think I could forgive what are ordinarily supposed to be unforgivable sins if temptation was forced upon the sinner, but if they went out hunting for trouble and forgetting the clause in the prayer which asks Him to lead them not into temptation, I should feel for them no more pity than for men. Florence Maybrick and her mother seem to have been of this class. They wanted to be tempted, and when this is recognized, temptations come fast enough.

A leading city physician told me the other day, without mentioning any names, that in his practice he had never before met with so many pathetic and heart-breaking instances of the result of woman's frailty and man's duplicity as had come to his notice within the past year. "I wish you would say," said he, "that the occupants of the boat-houses along the bay front are leading more young girls to ruin than you or I dare compute. I am oppressed

with this idea because within the last three days I have had three instances come to my knowledge professionally, and perhaps if you will say it, if you tell mothers this without any sensationalism, they will enquire a little more into where their daughters spend their evenings." I have given his message. This is not the sort of thing with which I ordinarily deal but it is one which should certainly be brought to the attention of those careless parents who let their young sons and daughters roam about at all hours of the night seeking for the temptation, whether they know it or not, for the avoidance of which they have been taught to pray.

The following have contributed to the Children's Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	851 30
Out of Town	1 00
Goderich	1 00
Two Friends	4 00
Commercial Traveler	50
Total	857 80

Don.

Social and Personal.

Socially town is a desert; the exodus is complete. As society jargon has it, "Nobody is in town." I am frequently told that in no former year has the desertion been so complete, but then for many years past I have heard the same assertion. Whether it is true of this summer or not, it is certain that the social tide is at its lowest ebb, and that a very few weeks will witness it beginning to set in once more. I am able to give the whereabouts of some of our people; it is quite impossible to keep track of them all.

Sir Alexander Campbell, since his return from England, has been the guest of the Hon. George and Mrs. Allan, at the latter's summer place, Strathallan, near Barrie, but was expected to return to town yesterday.

Miss Campbell and Miss McInnis have been staying with Mr. Sandford Fleming at Halifax, but are now at Quebec for the purpose of participating in the festivities, which the arrival of the fleet, and the presence of the Governor-General, are bringing about at the latter port.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bell are investigating the much talked of beauties of Prince Edward Island, but are expected back in town next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, and Mrs. Geo. Torrance, have been staying for some time at the Iroquois House at St. Hilaire, near Montreal, and of which Mr. Bruce Campbell, of social fame in Montreal, is the popular manager. Mesdames Boulton and Torrance have made themselves exceedingly popular in the east, and more than one German which they have been instrumental in contriving has been attended by many of the *élite* of Montreal, and has been in all ways most successful.

Prof. Ashley, of the Toronto University, is summering on the island which he has recently purchased in Lake Joseph, and among his guests is Miss Hill, his cousin, a lady who is seeking a well-earned rest from her well-known labors, both literary and philanthropic, in London, Eng.

Professor Hutton, another of the staff of the University who usually spends his summer in Muskoka, is, with Mrs. Hutton, in England. Mr. Hutton's charming cottage near Beaumaris, he has let for the season to Mr. and Mrs. English of Toronto.

Mr. Hugh Montgomery and Miss Montgomery are staying with relations in New Brunswick.

Mrs. Stephen Heward with Miss Mabel Heward and Mr. Ellen Heward are at Edinwald, her summer residence near Orillia. Among Mrs. Heward's present guests are Mrs. Edward Jones and the Misses Boulton.

Amidst the recording of so many absentees it is pleasant to be able to announce that one of our popular houses once more contains its master and mistress. Sir David and Lady Macpherson returned from the continent of Europe a short time ago and are now at Chestnut Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Campbell of Carbrooke and Miss Campbell are in England, but Longuiss, their place on the Georgian bay, where for the last two summers they have entertained so many fashionable Torontonians, has not been closed. This beautiful ideal of a summer place has been lent for the season to Mr. and Mrs. Wragge, and the latter's guests, although not quite so numerous as under Mrs. Campbell's regime, have still been many.

Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch are amongst the many people who are staying at the new hotel near Penetanguishene.

Rev. Edward Cayley and Mrs. Cayley are at their island in Lake Rosseau. Rev. Mr. Roper, Mr. George Burton and Mr. Hugh Langton have been their guests recently.

Mrs. John Boulton, with some some of her family, is at Glenelony, her usual place of summer resort.

There can be but few of the incumbents of the English Church, whose duties are more exacting than those of the Rev. Mr. Podmore. This gentleman holds five or six services every Sunday in Muskoka, and at points pretty far distant from each other. It is to be hoped that the rowdy crew of campers who last Sunday turned the interior of one of his churches upside down, shortly before his arrival to hold a service in it, will be prosecuted in due course, and that imprisonment without the option of a fine will be the result of their brutal act of desecration.

Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin are expected back from England next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Blake, with their family, are at present at their house at Murray Bay, Province of Quebec. The feat of two youthful scions of this family has been the talk of all who knew of it. Sailing from Toronto in one of those boats known as "Macinacs," they reached Murray Bay after six-

teen days, but at one time encountered such bad weather that they had to cut away one of their masts.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson are occupying the model Muskoka house, which Mr. Cockburn, M.P., has built on his island in Lake Rosseau. The Misses Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron and several other Toronto people, are their guests at the present time.

Mr. H. D. Gamble is in England, but is expected home in two or three weeks.

Mrs. Meyrick Banks was expected to arrive in Canada this week from Europe. Before coming home to Chestnut Park this lady will probably make a short stay at Quebec and also at Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore of Sherbourne street are doing Banff and British Columbia.

The Hon. John Beverley Robinson, and Mrs. Robinson are at Governor's Island, Lake Joseph, and have been entertaining their usual number of guests. Among the more recent of these have been Mr. Fox, Captain Wise, Mr. Reginald Thomas and Miss Merritt.

Mr. and Mrs. McLean of Bloor street are at their island on Lake Rosseau.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt are staying at Selkirk, a small place on Lake Erie, which seems to have many charms of its own.

Miss Emily Benson of Port Hope has been for some time the guest of Col. and Mrs. Otter at the New Fort.

The Misses Strange of St. George street are staying with friends at a watering place near Boston.

Mr. Robert Horsfall Clark, son of Rev. Prof. Clark, LL.D., of Trinity College, arrived in Toronto last week from London, England. Mr. Clark will doubtless be a great acquisition to Toronto society during the coming winter.

The Horticultural Society, at Port Sandfield, Muskoka, held their annual show on the grounds of the Prospect House on Thursday last, and as usual attracted a large crowd. Visitors to Muskoka, as a rule, have a very poor idea of its products and are fairly astonished at the variety displayed at this exhibition. Ferns there are without number, wild flowers, mosses, vegetables, and especially apples, which are particularly fine, and in great variety. The exhibitors showed great taste in fixing up the pavilion, also in the display of mosses, arranged very prettily as a country scene, with a rivulet running through. The garden scenes also attracted great attention. Apart from this, the society held a regatta in the afternoon, the races were closely contested, and there was much amusement in seeing the greasy pole contest, swimming races, etc. In the evening a grand ball, which was well attended, wound up the day's sport, which reflects great credit on the society.

Miss Mary Wakefield and Miss Annie Cordingley have returned to West Toronto Junction after spending the summer around Georgian Bay and parts of Muskoka.

A most enjoyable hop was given at Windermere House, Muskoka, Friday, Aug. 16. Several parties came from different points on the lakes. Dancing was kept up till a late hour. Among those who attended were: Mr. and Mrs. Sheriff Mowat, Mrs. Alex. Nairn, Miss Aggie Nairn, Miss J. Thomson, Mrs. W. E. Whitehead, Mrs. Tuckberry, Misses E. Morrison, Kate McDiarmid, Lottie Gale, E. Brown, M. Fisher, Clara Eakin, Messrs. Whitney Mockridge, J. W. Kerr, J. Y. Reid, W. P. Haldane, W. Parsons, E. E. Rutherford, Percy Manning, F. Lugsdin, D. McKay, Jr., J. Heward, etc., of Toronto; Mrs. T. Hood, the Misses E. and M. Hood, Miss Dalley, Miss N. Zealand, Miss A. Vallance, Messrs. G. Robinson, L. A. Moore, A. Birge, S. Livingston, E. Livingston, J. Mockridge, and Mr. and Mrs. Punchon of Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Coe and Miss Clarke of Memphis, Tenn.

The Misses Martin of Parkdale returned on Saturday from a three weeks' visit to Old Orchard, Maine. They were on the ill-fated train which was wrecked at Forest Lawn on Saturday morning.

Miss Score has returned from Port Perry, where she has been rusticating for the past two months.

Mr. J. P. Clark and family have returned to Toronto from Bass Island, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, where they have been spending their summer vacation.

Mrs. J. Weicher and Miss Gerty Weicher, leave to-day for Mexico, sailing by S. S. Saratoga from New York, where they will spend the winter months.

Mr. David H. Wilson of Edgewood, Queen's Park, has just returned from a trip through England, Ireland and the continent. He says the time he had is just about as high as the Eiffel Tower.

A pleasant camping party, comprising the following ladies and gentlemen, spent the holiday season very pleasantly at Glenelg's Bay, Stony Lake: Mrs. Willie McDonnell, Misses Halliday, A. Halliday, B. Brown, Millie Beck of Peterboro', Miss Schofield of Lakefield, Miss Cunningham of Fenelon Falls, Misses Lottie and Daisy Eyre of Cobourg, Misses Bella and Barbara Roddick and Miss Burnham of Port Hope, Mlle. Villeneuve of Berne, Switzerland, Messrs. C. W. Brown, V. Halliday, F. & H. Dumble, K. Hall, J. A. McClellan, T. G. Haultain, G. A. Schofield and Master Willie McDonnell of Peterboro', Mr. P. K. Brown of Montreal and Mr. W. H. Schofield of Lakefield.

Mr. William Black, formerly of Elliot & Co., Front street, now of New York, is in the city visiting his friends.

Mrs. Gordon and family of Charles street have returned from Burlington Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hollway of St. James' avenue, are visiting at Lachute, Que.

Mr. V. Perrie Hunt, of the Toronto Conser-

vatory of Music, since the closing of the summer term, is recruiting at Brighton Beach, Coney Island.

Mr. George Hector and Mrs. Hector of London, Eng., were in town last week. Mrs. Hector played but little tennis, but in the sets in which she was shown what a crack lady lawn-tennis player can do. Methinks there are but few of our male players who, in a match with this lady, could give a good account of themselves.

Hon. Alex. Morris and Mrs. Morris have been entertaining many of their friends from Toronto at their beautiful island in Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

I should like to call the attention of those whom it may concern, that many of the thousands travelling to and from Muskoka, are in want of a good large map of the lakes. Such a map is, I believe, published by the railway company but neither on the train or the boat is it at present possible to obtain it. The only map offered by the news agents is small and inadequate, while it is also bound up in a book of description and fancy views.

The Baron and Baroness Von Heitzler of Darmstadt, Germany, were in Toronto for a few days this week. This lady and gentleman are on their way round the world, via British Columbia and Japan, but have been persuaded to delay their journey for a short time in order to pay a visit to Muskoka.

Many fashionable people will return to town earlier this year than usual, so as to be present at the wedding of Miss Jones and Mr. Gamble.

This interesting event will take place on September 16 or 17, and will probably be the first wedding in St. James' Cathedral after the completion of the restoration of its interior. Amongst the bridesmaids are to be Miss Bessie Jones, Miss Greer, Miss Yarker, and Miss Merritt.

Another wedding, which will be equally interesting to society, will be that of Miss Mabel Heward to Mr. Williams, R.E. This marriage also will be solemnized in the Cathedral, and, although the day is not yet settled, it will probably be some time in October.

The following are the latest arrivals at Maplehurst hotel, Muskoka: Mr. Charles Parkin, Mr. and Mrs. B. Dangerfield, the Misses Dolly and Netty Slack, Miss McGill, Mrs. C. W. Smith, Miss Duncan, Miss Hubley, Miss Elliott of Pittsburgh; Messrs. N. Gordon Bigelow, J. G. Gibson and Miss Green of Toronto; Miss Sojaye of Hamilton, Colonel and Mrs. H. M. Lazelle, Mr. H. G. Lazelle, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Reid and Mrs. Coatsworth of Buffalo.

Mrs. Willie Banks last Saturday afternoon gave a most enjoyable lawn tennis and musicale party at her beautiful residence at Balmy Beach. In the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated by Chinese lanterns suspended from the trees. Music was the programme for the evening and the amount of talent ready to respond when called upon was surprising. Miss Reynolds sang with good style Marguerite. Miss Geikie, whose number is always looked forward to on a programme, won for herself a well merited encore by her thorough mastery of the violin. Mr. Paul Jarvis was splendid in his recitation, which continually kept the audience in laughter. Mr. Harry Jarvis who has won glowing opinions sang with artistic taste and feeling and was encored. Mr. Hirschfelder's flute solo was very tastefully rendered, also the violin and flute and piano selection by Miss Ethel Geikie, Dr. Geikie and Mr. Hirschfelder. Miss Hooper played a piano solo in a very creditable manner. Mr. Woods sang two songs which were well rendered. Among those who were there were Mr. and Mrs. Leys, Miss Crampton, Mr. and Mrs. John Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. McMichael, Mrs. and Miss Winstanley, Miss Sophie Dalton, Miss Edith Dalton, Misses Laura and Ethel Geikie, Mrs. and Miss Barker, Miss Constance Jarvis, Messrs. Bourlier, Dr. Geikie, Hirschfelder, Woods, Houston, Harry Jarvis, Paul Jarvis, Barker.

The following guests arrived at Beaumaris Hotel last week: Rev. A. and Mrs. Hart and children of Toronto; Mr. J. A. Wallace of Bradford; Messrs. G. H. White, H. C. Walker and James Vance of Ingersoll; Messrs. Edward Randall, C. B. Gibbs, Richard H. Stafford, W. M. Citerley of Buffalo; Mr. John McCoy, Mrs. Bellhouse and Miss McIlwraith of Hamilton; Mr. A. E. Muller of Berlin; Mr. J. W. B. Topp of Bracebridge; Mr. S. Wylie McKeown of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Miles and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Varnum and daughter of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. S. M. Toy, Miss Carrie Bright, Miss Florie E. Bright, Mrs. James Grand, Mr. J. B. Allen of Toronto; Miss Seda Hanbly of Brussels; Miss Harrie Sayers of Saginaw City, Mich.; Miss L. M. Sheppard of Berlin; Mrs. and Miss Rutherford and Miss Wells of Aurora; Mr. F. W. Fearman of Hamilton; Dr. S. Cunningham of New York; Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Strathy and child of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. Herron of Hamilton; Mr. J. Arnold, Mrs. Boulbee, Miss C. Boulbee, Mr. Thos. G. Bright, Messrs. H. C. Fortier, M. M. Kertland, J. G. Boswell, W. J. Parsons, H. Farrar of Toronto; Mr. W. Galbraith of Bracebridge.

Amongst the last arrivals at The Penetanguishene are: Mr. W. R. Traverse of Berlin, Messrs. Richard H. Stafford and W. M. Citerley of Buffalo, N. Y.; Rene Wadsworth, Mrs. Vernon Wadsworth, Master J. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson and children, Mr. H. S. Osler and Miss Osler, Rev. Charles and Mrs. Darling of Toronto, Mr. G. A. C. Taylor of Sandhurst, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. Bunley of Davenport, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Vankoughnet of Toronto, Mr. Todd of Boston, Mass.

The Noisy Boys will hold their second annual reunion at Hotel Hanlan, Hanlan's Point, on Thursday evening, August 29. Dancing will be the programme. The committee is composed of Messrs. G. Zryd, T. Walke, E. Callaghan, G. Roblin, J. Marrow, W. Barker, secretary.

Out of Town.

BARRE.

Last Saturday a party of ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a most delightful trip on Lake Simcoe to Roscher's Point by the steamer Koon-drick, where a garden party was given in the beautiful grounds of Beechcroft. The weather was charming, and as the boat kept near the shore, the scenery, which has long been noted for being very picturesque, was very much admired. A few merry camping parties were passed near Big Bay Point. Those who enjoyed the pleasures of this sail were: Mr. and Mrs. D. Stry, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Mrs. F. Lett, Miss Birdie Mason, Mr. and Mrs. B. Nicholson, Miss Nicholson of Toronto, Major and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. W. B. and Miss Stry, Miss Miller, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. E. Mitchell,

Miss Florrie Henderson, Miss Fleming, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss McKay of Orangeville, Mr. F. Jackson of Toronto, Mr. E. Bird, Miss Forsyth, Mr. Fairbairn, Miss E. Stry, Miss Val Berryman, Mr. Ed Rogers, Mr. Geo. Fraser, Mr. F. Baker, Mr. H. Arnall, Mr. Meeking, and a few guests from Peninsular Park hotel.

On Friday evening, August 16, Mrs. D. Holmes gave an impromptu dance. A very pleasant time was spent by all, and dancing was enjoyed until the small hours. During the evening Miss Jeanette George of Boston, by request, gave two recitations in a most charming manner. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Miss Alice Foster, Miss Buchanan of Toronto, Miss K. r right, Miss Schreiber, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Miss T. Mason, Miss Russell of Millbrook, Miss Cook of Chesley, Mr. W. B. and Miss Stry, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. E. A. Mitchell, Mr. E. and Miss H. Bird, Mr. Gillett, Mr. R. Williams, Mr. C. H. Crease, Miss McKay of Orangeville, Mr. T. H. Boys, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. F. and Miss G. Stevenson, Mr. T. and Miss N. Baker, Miss Hall of Toronto, the Misses Harding of Stratford, Miss J. Forsyth, Mr. W. Spotton, Mr. G. Fraser, the Misses McConkey, Mr. E. Baker, Miss McLean, Miss F. Henderson, Miss Fleming, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. H. Arnall and Mr. Meeking.

The Misses Todd of Toronto were the guests of Mrs. J. Strathy of Owen Sound recently.

Mr. Chas. Ardagh, of the Bank of Toronto has returned from a trip to Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. W. Campbell, left last week to join a camping party from Millbrook, for a few days. Mr. F. H. Lauder of the Bank of Toronto has gone to Port Hope to spend his holidays. Mr. F. D. Hewson of Peterboro', relieves during his absence.

Mrs. Andros and Miss Pringle left last week for a pleasure trip through the Muskoka lakes.

A small camping party of young people chaperoned by Mrs. Anderson, left last Monday for Hewitt's Creek, across the bay, where they purpose staying two weeks.

The Misses Tottie and Emily Nicol, daughters of Dr. Nicol of Cookstown, are visiting at Mrs. Geo. J. Mason's of Hart Hall.

The Misses McKellar and Miss Davis of Toronto have been the guests of Mrs. H. H. Strathy of The Hill.

Mrs. Ault of Aultsville is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Wellington Ault.

PAISLEY.

Mrs. W. Flood, assisted by her sister, Miss K. C. Strong, gave a delightful party at Fairmount Place on last Tuesday evening. The following guests were present: Dr. Freeman, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan and Mr. Cobban from Walkerton; Mr. Cargill, M.P., Mrs. Cargill, Miss Cargill, Miss Magie Cargill, Mrs. Walker and Miss Walker from Cargill, Miss M. C. Strong of Mount Forest, Miss Cargill of Wingham, Mrs. Everett of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Dr. and Mrs. Baird, Miss Baird, Mr. B. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. McArthur, Messrs. A. and J. Allen, Miss Saunders and Mr. Biette from Paisley, Mr. Buckley of Montreal, and Mrs. Sutherland of Guelph. Fairmount Place looked like a gorgeous villa of the Orient, sparkling with Chinese lanterns and the waving flame of the bale fire. Games, dancing, singing and recital held each joyous soul in thrall till the magician of the entertainment waved the wand of adieu. During the evening Miss K. C. Strong delighted the guests with song and recital. Mrs. Flood proved herself to be an admirable hostess, and we trust it may not be long ere Fairmount Place renews such a charming evening.

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One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on front-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

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WATCHES

"We."

"Yes," said Mrs. Find-it-all-out, as she patted her velvet priscilla affectionately, "you and Mr. Clare do appear to be remarkably happy; so well-suited; so entirely congenial. Do tell us how it is—do you give up to him, or does he allow you to have your own way in all things?"

"Yes, do tell us," urged the daughter, "I am so anxious to know."

Miss Find-it-all-out is a pretty little pink and white doll, who has sipped her promise to become Mrs.—in the near future; so, thinking it might benefit her, while I amused them both, I began—

"Darby and I do live happily. I think it is because we commenced in a proper way. On our wedding day, we talked the affair over and decided that 'you' and 'I' had been merged into 'we'."

"If anything was well done, 'we' agreed to take the credit; if threads tangled, 'we' would share the blame. It was a pleasant thought to entertain as we began married life—half the burdens, and divided pleasures."

"We furnished our house to suit ourselves, other people wondered at our eccentric tastes, but we allowed them to go on wondering, and now the world and his wife applaud where before they sneered."

"The kitchen and pantry stores I control unaided."

"I do not expect Darby to tell me how many pounds of sugar I require in a given time, or how much I should pay for fruit, any more than he expects me to decide upon the number of pens he should keep on his desk or the price he should pay for mulligan."

"As far as ballot boxes measure the 'rights' of womanhood, I am unsympathetic. I have all the 'rights' I can manage now. House-keeping is one of them. That is my business, and I should be proficient in it. Darby knows nothing of it, and therefore should not interfere."

"Understand me, though, I do not carry my kitchen prerogative into the rest of the house; for together we choose furniture, pictures, books—his excellent taste being invaluable to me."

"We are very dear to each other, else we had never married; and our regard for its foundation a friendship which is well-built, weather-proof, and sure to be lasting."

"We are as polite to each other as to strangers. Not as conventional, certainly, but quite as considerate."

"It is my firm conviction, that there is too much 'darling-ducky-so-o-o-is,' before marriage; and too much simple Jane or Maria after. Should a wife not be dearer to her husband than a sweet-heart to her lover?"

"There are a great many homes, where the husband and father is looked upon as the ruler-out of all mirth—all pleasure; where the children learn to despise either father or mother, or both, because their weaknesses are discussed before young ears; where the wife is untidy and fretful, the husband a tyrant making his home a place to explode his wrath."

"That is very plain language—describing that abomination—an unhappy home; but we all know it has its counterpart in real life. At some time or another, we have been in such homes, or a chain of incidents has, link by link, grown from outside observations, and we pity them, and huddle closer to our own bright hearths, loving those around us more dearly, when we think of such wretchedness."

"When between any two people, the civilities of life are set aside, they are on an inclined plane to that contempt, which excessive familiarity breeds."

"The wife to whom her husband says, 'I beg your pardon,' (audience composed of wife only), holds his respect with a firm hand."

"I like to see a wife careful in the little details of dress, even when her husband is the only person at breakfast with her."

"The delicate little flattery of his tastes may not seem much to outsiders, but these little things do smooth down so much of the roughness of life."

"How could I cry 'shame' to Darby for going down stairs collarless, if I offended in that particular myself."

"A wife should be more careful to keep her husband's love than a girl her lover's. In case the sweetheart cannot hold the regard she has won, two separate paths may be found for those who were near and dear; but after marriage what wreckage is made of two lives, what a tossing on an ocean of trouble if love grows cold."

"I can conceive of no more wretched existence than that of two people, linked together by sacred vows and yet being distasteful, or even obnoxious, one to the other."

"As I believe that sometimes for a minute portion of time we slip a happiness so complete as to be akin to that of Heaven; so do I believe that sorrow-laden hearts suffer pangs which match those of hell."

"And I can think of no earthly sorrow as great as a marriage which is a failure—not a failure because the matrimonial state is a failure, but because husband or wife, or both, prove inadequate to make a happy home."

"You do put it so strangely," broke in Miss Find-it-all-out, with a sigh of bewilderment and an expression of disconcerted serenity. "People have told me," she continued, "to be sure and begin as I can hold out; not to spoil my husband in the beginning, and to get my own way, whenever it is possible."

An utter contempt, held me speechless for a time; a disdain for the person so narrowly-minded, so soulless as to poison a girl's mind with such advice took possession of me."

The girl was walking straight into a loveless marriage, which was in itself bad enough, but to be told to selfishly try and guide the luckless husband by such means, was inking the darkness of night—and I was shocked."

After an interim, in which silence reigned with undisturbed sway, Mrs. Find-it-all-out began: "Do you really think Mrs. Clare"—her eyes had a persuasive expression, her smile was as calculated to win and her white teeth gleamed behind her carefully colored lips—"that men should have anything to do in a house at all? Is Mr. Clare not a well, yes—a nuisance, when you want to choose new curtains or carpets?"

I smiled mischievously, I am afraid, as I

replied, "the question brings us back to our little word 'we.' How could 'we' be suited unless 'we' together made the purchases?"

"It's very pleasant of course, that you think in that way," continued the lady, "but I know poor dear Mr. Find-it-all-out was so hard to manage in buying, that I felt relieved, actually relieved, when he would give me the money, and say he was too busy to go with me."

"I think we must go, mamma," said the daughter, rising; and with a parting invitation to be "sure and come over soon,"—urging me to display no formality, but to run in while passing as they had—mother and daughter directed their steps towards home."

Perhaps they were convinced; it may be they were not; at any rate they did not shake my firm conviction that the merging of "you" and "I" into "we," was one of the salient chapters in the volume of matrimony."

What oneness could there be in two lives, which instead of growing together, were being constantly wrenched asunder by jerks at the nuptial knot; where husband or wife were trying to make two very separate, two completely distinct, two entirely different people, out of those who were linked together for time."

Perhaps marriage is oftentimes unhappy, because it is considered too frequently, as the vestibule to a home."

A girl who will marry for aught but deep regard, will surely find life's skein a perplexed tangle."

Not long since a bright-faced girl told me she did not see why people would marry, unless for homes."

From the bottom of my heart I pity her, and even more the man she marries—for a home."

When Darby came in that evening I told him how Mrs. Find-it-all-out had led me into a dissertation on our arrangement by which "we" manage the good and the ill."

He laughed—merry-hearted Darby—as he told me that Mrs. Find-it-all-out was noted for ruling with a rod inflexible the meek little man who had gone the way of mortals."

"You have done real missionary work if you have succeeded in disabusing the mind of the daughter of instilled ideas on 'managing husbands,'" he said, very seriously."

"Who owns the house?" said Darby presently, after a brief silence."

The above question, delivered in a mock tone of lofty superiority, is always enough to bring hearty laughter to both of us."

A long time ago Darby inclined to one way of decorating the library ceiling; I most decidedly admired another. We discussed the matter very thoroughly and each had such a good opinion of his and her taste that we declined to change."

"Who owns the house," asked Darby, in a tone intended to be decisive. "We do," I replied, demurely, and then he laughed."

He had forgotten the "we" part and I had not. In any difference of opinion "we" carefully applied usually makes the untractable one docile, and peace reigns in the Clare household."

There are happy marriages; there are unhappy ones; but it lies with the contracting parties to make or mar the married life. Give them the blame and cease to call marriage a lottery, a game of chance, luck, etc."

Selfishness, suitability, lack of thought before marriage and superabundance of it after the "I will" has been said, go to make unhappy homes, miserable inmates, unstable society, desperation on the part of those who might have been good and true if their lives had been linked differently, or, having been linked were controlled by wise heads."

Trouble we make. No life is so shadowed by clouds of misery that none of the sunlight of happiness can brighten it. If we will, we may be joyful tenants of this mundane world, in spite of the mutability of mankind, and the ever-sifting sands of joy and sorrow."

Merge the capital "I" and the Roman lettered "you" into black letter "we" and I will guarantee—happiness."

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Sledge Hammer Flirtation at Bar Harbor.

Sitting on the staircase is the principal form of flirtation, and when there is a ball almost every girl appears with a long-tailed gown that she may cover two or three steps below the one she is sitting on and thus keep her conversation from being heard. She flirts in what might be called "sledge hammer fashion." There are no delicate shadings or leadings up in her book of coquetry. She begins by saying, "Do you know, I really wondered whether you really meant what I heard you said about me." (The unfortunate young man has probably said nothing, but she is counting on his forgetting whether he did or not, and usually her count is correct.) He says, "Oh, really, Miss De Vere, I couldn't have said anything about you that wasn't pleasant." Miss De Vere feels then that Casey is at the bat, and that the game is in her own hand, so she answers with the most intense look, "I heard that you said that you thought I was heart-hearted." Then the unfortunate, who doesn't care whether she is heart-hearted or not, but thinks if she ate much more ice cream she will have to have a dose of ginger, responds, "Oh, no, but you have been cruel in not letting me come near you." Then he wonders that the ground doesn't open and swallow him, for she has been running after him day and night until he has quite made up his mind to leave the place. If she knew now to be coy, this would be her opportunity, but instead, she says, "Well, I will try and be kinder to you in the future. To-morrow you shall go buckboard driving with me in the morning, you shall lunch at our table, and we will have a long, quiet afternoon together."

This is too much—too much bliss for one man. And so he announces that he is sick and must go home. She is perfectly willing to go with him and take care of him, but this he declines, telling her that she must think of what people will say about her. Once at the hotel that young man packs his clothes and takes the first train home, and when he gets there he says to his chum, "Charlie, if you love your liberty and your country never so near Bar Harbor, for a girl will marry you out of hand and say yes for you at the altar before you have an opportunity for more than a bowing acquaintance with her."—N. Y. Graphic.

She Didn't Want Him

"So one of Queen Victoria's grand-daughters has gone and married a earl," said old Mrs. Cloverbud as she laid down the paper. "Well, let her, that's all I've got to say. Anybody that wants to tie themselves to a juke or a earl and spend all their days puttin' on style and travellin' fine duds 'round o'd castles and all that kin do it. I don't want any of it in mine and the juke never lived that could coax me to either. Give me a good old Missouri farm of 'bout sixty acres, and cows enough to make 'bout twenty pounds of yaller butter a week, and a lot of

good layin' hens and the Earl of Fife an' Mrs. Fife kin have their castles an' diamond ear-bobs and buzzin' pins, for all of me! I don't want 'em!"—Time.

High Treason on the Bench.

Some time before 1870 a gentleman, in the midst of a squabble at a place of public entertainment in Vienna, exclaimed: "Nonsense! the Emperor is an ass." He was forthwith taken into custody, and when brought before the bench, the latter addressed him as follows:

"The witnesses have clearly proved that you called the Emperor an ass. Have you anything to say in your defence?"

"Certainly! I meant the Emperor Napoleon."

"That is an idle subterfuge!" said the Judge. "Everybody knows that Napoleon is an intelligent man. We know quite well you meant His Majesty the Emperor of Austria."

A Remarkable Shoe.

Among other historical curiosities preserved at the Soudroni Palace in Venice, there is a shoe of Louis XIV., on the heel of which the Dutch painter Vanlo has portrayed a battle scene, which is regarded with wondering admiration, for the neat and correct execution of so large a subject on so diminutive a scale."

Had Sawd Enough.

Lady of the House—Now, don't you think you could saw a little wood for me? Tramp (who has just dined)—No, mum, sawing that there steak you just gave me is all the sawing I want to do for one day."

Equal to an Emergency

A clergyman, consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal.

"I know I can't," replied the sobbing fair one. "But," she added, with a heavenly smile, "I mean to try."—Pick Me Up.

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SECOND HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

MARY'S DREAM

BY ELIZABETH CLASTON

CHAPTER II.

Three weeks more and I was in Canada. New scenes, new hopes, and hard but interesting work had nearly restored my good spirits. Looking back to the week I had spent at Beechwood, I saw plainly that, as regarded Mary, no obstacle would be thrown in the way of making her my wife. I had only to keep a straight course for the next two years and continue in favor with the civil engineer to whose staff I was at present attached, in which case I had good hopes of obtaining ultimately, a permanent appointment.

Affairs on the whole looked very hopeful, but I cannot say I did not occasionally feel a little aching of the heart, a little longing for the faces and voices I had left in old England, and I believe the whole time I was in Canada Mary was seldom out of my thoughts.

At last a letter came from my mother, but ominous—black bordered and written at Beechwood. It told me that my grandfather was dead—the noble old man—the kind old friend we had all loved and admired so much! After a few days illness, accompanied by but little pain, he had fallen into a heavy sleep from which he never awakened. My mother had been summoned to his bedside and had not yet returned home. She told me how gentle and patient my poor grandfather was under her heavy trial, and how good and helpful Mary had been; but her letter was short and written in very depressed spirits. I cannot tell how shocked and grieved I was. I wrote at once to my mother and Mary, and in a short time received an answer from the latter. It ran thus:

"DEAR MARK.—I cannot write about this great sorrow which has fallen upon us, but I am glad to hear that you are very much for your kind, sympathizing letter. We are all alone now for Mrs. Lyton was obliged to leave us on account of your sister's holidays. The house is so strange and still! Can we ever become reconciled to it? Mrs. Lyton and Jane left last week. We had to get Dr. Leigh to tell them grandmamma must have perfect quiet. To do them justice, they have been useful in many ways, yet it is a relief now they are gone. A few days ago we were sitting together, grandmamma and I; she was knitting and I had been looking at her, for she looks quite beautiful in her widow's weeds, when she suddenly raised her head and said in her quiet way: 'Mary, fetch me the old Bible.' I knew direct what she wanted it for, and went to fetch it out of the cabinet in her bedroom, but it was not there; then I looked in your room, and, in fact, all over the house, but nowhere was it to be found. At the servants said they knew nothing about it, I wrote off to Mrs. Lyton, and received a note from Jane in reply, asking whether I remembered your taking it into your room soon after your arrival. She wrote as if she were quite offended at my asking them. Aunt Mary, who slept in the room, says she has never seen it. It is strange, and has made poor grandmamma very unhappy. Did you, inadvertently, put it into your valise? Do write at once and tell us. You can guess why it is wanted: another name must be added to those who are gone. I am glad you like your work, dear Mark. Our best love.

"Your affectionate cousin,
"MARY GARNHAM."

I wrote off immediately to say I had left the Bible in my room, and knew nothing more of it. In fact, that it was impossible I could inadvertently have put so large a book into a small valise. I said how much I regretted that it was missing, but felt sure it would soon be found. In time there came another letter from Mary—kind, but I thought rather formal. She said, in the postscript, that nothing had been heard of the Bible.

Months passed away, and though I had written once or twice, I heard nothing from my cousin; so I asked my mother to send me some Beechwood news.

Her answer annoyed me exceedingly. She told me the old lady had been much distressed by receiving several anonymous letters. The writer, she said, was very anxious to see my grandfather's will, and called upon his wife to make amends to those who were injured by it out of the small property she had at her own disposal. My mother said, "You can well imagine how painful such letters are, but the strange thing about them is, that your grandmother is convinced that the person who has written them is in possession of the missing old Bible. One of the letters gives a little bit of family pedigree to prove the writer's anxious state of mind, and the subject, which she says could only have been procured in that way. I wish, dear Mark, the Bible had not been last seen in your possession, for really it makes things very awkward."

"Am I to understand from this," I exclaimed, when I had finished reading the letter, "that they suspect me of stealing the Bible and using it to frighten my old grandmother?"

"So greatly exasperated was I that I sent off at once, a few indignant lines, to the person, which I requested her to show at Beechwood, because I would certainly not write there again while I lay under such a shameful imputation."

She tried, in her next letter, to soften me down by saying I had taken an exaggerated view of the matter; of course the whole affair was very puzzling, but she had her own suspicions, which for the present she would keep to herself. My grandmother had been sadly troubled at my note, and Mary had burst into tears.

My mother was evidently much annoyed on my account, though she tried to make light of it to me. I felt, however, very angry, especially with Mary, and stuck to my determination of not writing. Well, about two months before the time fixed for my return to England, a letter came from Mary. She never alluded to the Bible, and tried to write as if nothing unpleasant had happened; but she was evidently very uncomfortable. At first I felt glad of this, but on reading her letter over again better feelings prevailed. I began to long for the time when I could be with her, to talk it all over and try to discover the mystery. She seemed sad and lonely; told me of her grandmother's failing health, and that she herself had been under the doctor's care for some time. She concluded by saying that they both were very anxious to hear from me. Just then I was busy, out back on a very rough part of the survey. I sent a few lines, however, to tell them of my speedy return, and by the next mail received another letter.

"DEAR MARK.—Do not be angry if I again mention the Bible, and do not laugh if I tell you a very curious dream I had about it the very night I wrote my last letter to you. I thought you and I were walking together across a wide field or stretch of moorland, for there was grass and heath in flower, and at last we came to a house, and went in to see somebody we knew. I don't know who. We walked into the parlor, a plain old-fashioned room, with chairs against the walls. On the side opposite the door was a table covered with a green cloth, and on that table was the Bible. You will say there was nothing extraordinary in dreaming about a thing one had puzzled over so much, yet all was so vivid and like reality. I told grandmamma, and described the place exactly, and she said she seemed to remember something like it. Well, a night or two ago I dreamt it all over again, and I feel convinced that wherever that room may be the Bible is. Grandmamma wants you to come to us as soon as ever you can after your return," etc., etc.

I made up my mind to answer this in person, and two or three weeks more found me on my way home.

when I steamed up the Mersey, and was met and warmly welcomed on the landing stage by my father. I had much to hear and tell as we traveled homeward, and happily the latter was such as to please those who cared for me, for I had got on well, and received the promise of an excellent appointment in the Midlands; far better than a young man of my age could have expected. A tribe of young brothers and sisters were waiting for me at the station, and I was escorted home in triumph.

At the hall door stood my mother, who kissed me much and cried over me a little; then a white hand was held out to me, and a quiet, pathetic voice said, "How do you do, Mark?" It was my cousin Mary. What a bound my heart gave, and how the blood rushed to my face when I saw her. The calm dignity, tempered with kindness, with which I had decided to meet her, was strikingly absent from my demeanour. There was a shout of laughter from the young ones, and then my mother explained that one of Mary's sisters had taken her place at Beechwood, while she had changed of air and scene, which the doctor said she greatly needed. I was grieved to see her looking so thin and delicate, but I thought her, if possible, prettier and more lovable than before.

While we were partaking of a substantial tea, my father told me of a scheme he had devised for the benefit of my mother and Mary, and which they had only waited for my return to carry out. This was a fortnight's tour through Derbyshire, in which, as he was unable to leave, I was to be their escort. It was my grandmother's native county, but my mother had not visited it since she was a child. After the younger ones had retired, we sat and had a quiet chat by the open window. I noticed the care they all took of my cousin, the warm shawl brought for her, and the easy chair in which she was seated, and feared she must be very unwell. When she went into the hall for her bed candle, I followed her and said: "Ah, Mary—did you keep your promise?" Her lips quivered and she did not reply. I could not help an upbraiding look, but at the same time I pressed her hand warmly enough to show I was not unfeeling. I said no more and made up my mind not to do so until I had been completely exonerated about the Bible.

Not the least delightful part of a journey are the antecedents—I mean, of course, a trip where the object is pleasure—the searching in guide books and topographical dictionaries, even the picking up and inevitable Bradshaw. Great were my mother's cares, and wonderful her arrangements and provisions against every imaginable contingency during her absence. My father said truly that the sooner we were off the better, or she would be quite worn out by the time we reached the place, but she was quietly busy, and I thought looked better and brighter.

At last we started, our first destination being the old Isaac Walton Inn, at Doveclay. There we spent three or four days very happily. My mother was a poor walker and would sit for hours with her book or knitting, and I, as a dromedary at the impetuous little river, dashing, leaping, and eddying over its rocky bed. Mary and I, in the meantime, explored in every direction the beautiful, grotesque valley, so loved by the pleasant old fisherman who once dwelt beside it.

From thence we proceeded to Matlock, saw Chatsworth and brave old Haddon Hall, and so on to the wild and desolate grandeur of the Peak. Ever by this time my mother was ten years younger, and the bluish roses had returned to Mary's cheeks. Our trip was nearly over, but one, to me most unpleasant, duty remained to be performed, and therefore we stayed at town and country about two miles from which Mrs. Lyton lived with her daughter.

They occupied, rent free, an old house belonging to my grandmother. As they had some time to make many complaints, it was their duty to repair, she was anxious we should see for ourselves what it required, and also—dear old soul! show some kindness and attention to those who, as she always remarked, "had seen a good deal of trouble."

The morning after our arrival my mother suggested that we young people should walk over to Mrs. Lyton's and bring her and Jane back to dinner; she feeling rather tired, would stay quietly in the shady garden belonging to the hotel. We laughed at her for her own vanity, her duplicity, and at last with very wry faces started on our errand.

Following our landlord's directions we crossed some fields, and then entered a pleasant lane, with steep, low hills on either side, and there completely overarched by trees. All this time we were gradually ascending, and at last emerging on a wide strip of moorland, made for a white church spire in the distance, which had been hidden to look out as a landmark. I gave Mary my arm, for she was tired, and we walked leisurely on, enjoying the mountain air, the scent of the gorse and heather, and all the pleasant sights and sounds of a summer morning.

"You are very quiet, Mary," I said at last.

"I feel puzzled," she replied. "Can I have been this way before? Everything seems familiar to me."

"It is only that odd sensation which sometimes comes over one of a vision, seen or done the same thing before. The belief in the transmigration of souls must have risen that way, I think."

"Mark," said Mary, earnestly, "in some state of existence I must have been here before!"

By this time we had crossed the heath and reached the village. A child standing by the gate of the first house told us that it was Mrs. Lyton's, so we entered, and found ourselves between two high holly hedges took us to the front door, which was wide open. Finding neither bell nor knocker, we walked straight in, and passing through another open door, found ourselves in the presence of the occupants. Mrs. Lyton started up hastily with an exclamation of surprise, and Jane threw a dress at which she had been working over a table at the end of the room. The warmth with which they greeted us was greater than usual, but I did not think it genuine, and Mary's behaviour puzzled me, she looked so absent and bewildered, and as though she hardly knew what she was saying. I did most of the talking—told them about my homeward voyage and the trip we had been taking, and was just coming to the invitation when Mary interrupted me very abruptly.

"I must have been here before, Mrs. Lyton," she replied, "but you couldn't possibly remember it."

"It was not then—since," said Mary, looking more and more bewildered. "Mark, I remember now; it was in my dream—how strange!—that in the tabernacle, and then slowly crossing the room and lifting up the dress, 'is our old Bible!'"

much, Mark. You have given me no opportunity before."

"Very well, then, I will first state the case to you. A young fellow loves a girl very much, but he is compelled to go abroad. While absent he works early and late to win her, and never has a thought about her that is not loving and true. In the meantime the young lady stays at home, and although she has allowed this young fellow to believe that his love is not unacceptable, listens to gossip and backbiters, and arrives at last at the conclusion that he is untruthful, dishonest, and in fact a thorough sneak."

"Don't, Mark!" said Mary, bursting into tears, "you are too cruel—a great deal too cruel. If a suspicion were ever forced upon me, it soon passed away, and I have been wretched about it I never thought you would say so. If I had, do you think I would be here with you now?"

She cried silently for a minute or two and then went on—

"When the housemaid was asked about it, she said the Bible was in your room the evening before you left, and was not there when she went to sweep the room immediately after you were gone. She thought you had borrowed it. Poor grandmamma did not know what to think. Oh, those detestable women, what mischief they have made!" and stopping at a gate by the side of the lane she leaned against it and cried as though her heart would break.

I could not help to see her in such trouble, after all, how had she been in fault? I ventured to put my arm round her waist and drew her towards me.

"Mary, darling, the damages to my character are great, and I expect compensation. Shall I have it?"

She did not speak, but she allowed my arm to remain where I had placed it.

"You must consent to be my wife."

There was a long pause for a moment or two longer, and then she wiped her eyes, placed her hand in mine, and said quietly: "I agree, Mark."

Often since has that little scene flashed across my memory. It was but the other day when I sprang at a moment from the cockpit supply of Great Britain, that a waft of wind came in at the open window and lifted the hair on my forehead. There it was all before me again—the old gate, with the mountain ash on one side and the tangle of wild roses on the other; the blue sky, the pleasant breeze, even the old cow, gazing at us so thoughtfully.

When at long last we reached the hotel, we found my mother watching for us, and the sudden low whispering way, I felt a shiver pass over me for a second, and I stopped my horse and stared about me in a stupid manner, and presently I found myself listening for some sound to break the uncanny silence. It came. A long, low moaning sound, ending in a cry—a human cry—floating down the avenue leading to Partry House, was answered by a shrill neighing from my horse, who swerved aside and nearly unseated me in his terrible fright.

It was by this time pitch dark. The moon had set and I knew dawn was a long way off. I held the horse firmly and patted his neck for the brute was shivering under me and would never advance nor go back a step. To say that I was not frightened would be to say an untruth. I was scared, but it was of human foes not of ghosts. Times were pretty bad in Ireland and I didn't know but I might be shot in mistake for a landlord, so I kept pretty quiet. I tell you and waited to hear more, and I was there 'till the wind was muttering and whispering as though telling the trees some weird thing was abroad; and then right at my elbow rose a voice—now look here, Jack, you may laugh if you like, but, begorra, man, if you were there 'till laughing you be—right at my elbow, I say, rose a voice, a woman's voice, sweet and shrill, and the only words I could catch were, 'And the ship went down.' I never heard anything like it. The words did away in a long piercing, wailing note that fairly made my heart stand still for a moment, while my poor horse shivered under me and I could feel the sweat pouring down his neck. Again the cry came creeping up on the wind, and something struck me from the horse and down I fell in the darkness while he broke loose and went up the road in a mad gallop.

"When I gathered myself up out of the mud I found I was unharmed and, more lucky still, my medicine-chest which I had strapped under my arm when I started home, was quite safe. I made sure it was some Lanor Leaguers work and that they had decamped thinking their job was finished when they attacked you from behind a hedge they don't come out into the road to see how you are. A thought of ghost or Banshee never entered my head, and if it did I would have laughed at the notion. Being about a quarter of a mile from my patient's house I walked on as quickly as I could and arrived there at about three in the morning, wet and tired. I knew my horse would never stop till he got home so I was anxious to get through my work and hurry after him."

"I found the young girl I was called to attend very ill—I in fact I could see she would not last over another day, and as her mother was in an anxious state, I determined to stay as long as I could. A mounted groom was sent after my horse, so I knew he would be caught and put up all right."

"I sat down by the girl's bedside. She was in a semi-unconscious state, which I knew was the forerunner of death. The rain was rattling against the windows, making a dreary sound, and the low wind had a sob in it as it came up from the river at the end of the lawn. The door of the room opened and an old woman entered. She came up to me and told me she had something to say to me in another room if I would come. Being idle at the moment, I followed her. She closed the door and holding a lamp she cried to my face, she asked me the very same question you put to me to night: 'Doctor, do you believe in the Banshee?'"

"Now look here," I replied, "I don't want any nonsense of that kind. And the ship went down!" My God, man! I started in spite of myself as the very same voice sang out the ghostly words again. The old woman, with a cry, grasped my arm and pointed to the uncaptured window. The dawn was faintly lighting up the east. The rain had ceased and there was but a slight breeze stirring the trees. But, at the window was a dreadful thing. I saw it, Jack, a head or face, more like a death's head than anything else, draped in green and white, with one shining skeleton finger beckoning, as it seemed, to me. It was there but an instant; as I looked it disappeared, and the moaning cry went round the house."

"A call from the inner room made me shake off the old woman's grasp, and as I hurried to the bed I saw the dying girl sitting erect without any support. The curtains had been drawn aside from the window by Mrs. Fitzgerald, the young lady's mother, and both she and her daughter were gazing at a pane of glass against which the horrible face I had just seen was



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the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the sanction of every Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

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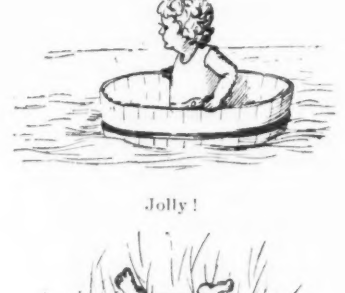
O mouth, as sweet as any morn in May!
O lips, as rose as the sunlight glow!
If I should speak the words which struggle so,
What answer would you give to me to-day?
Would that white breast as softly heave, I pray,
The gentle breath as softly come and go,
When I had spoken? Surely you must know
Already everything I have to say!
Yet, maybe, telling it, I might obtain
From your sweet lips some grace of speech
To make my words no longer vain!

Some gentle phrase I learned from you might reach
Dear Love, who lies half sleeping there, awake.
—S. J. LEE.

Island Aquatics.



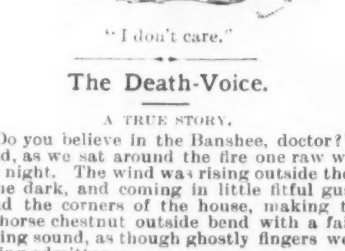
Jolly!



Oh!



I don't care.



The Death-Voice.

A TRUE STORY.

"Do you believe in the Banshee, doctor?" I asked, as we sat around the fire one raw winter's night. The wind was rising outside there in the dark, and coming in little fitful gusts round the corners of the house, making the big horse chestnut outside bend with a faint rattling sound, as though ghostly fingers were craving admittance.

"I cannot answer that question," said the doctor, as, after a moment's pause he removed his pipe from his mouth and emitted a cloud of blue smoke. "But I had a rather curious adventure once in which the Banshee, or something like her, played a prominent part. If you care to hear, I'll relate it just as it happened; but, first, I must promise that I never could make anything of it, and I do not see what the ghost or Banshee meant by appearing to me at all; however, you must judge for yourself, so here goes."

And taking a deep pull at the tumbler of good Irish punch, which stood on the table beside him, the doctor settled himself in his chair and proceeded thus:

be seen abroad but myself. I clattered into Ballinrobe at a good pace, and drew up by a street lamp to look at my watch. It was just ten minutes past midnight, so I turned down the road to Partry.

"By the way, you know General Lynch of Partry, don't you? Thought you did. Well, anyway, just as I came up to the lodge gates there, I noticed that the wind had suddenly fallen. It had been blowing a gale, man, just a minute before; and it was the most curious thing you can imagine when it fell into that sudden low whispering way. I felt a shiver pass over me for a second, and I stopped my horse and stared about me in a stupid manner, and presently I found myself listening for some sound to break the uncanny silence. It came. A long, low moaning sound, ending in a cry—a human cry—floating down the avenue leading to Partry House, was answered by a shrill neighing from my horse, who swerved aside and nearly unseated me in his terrible fright."

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pressed. Once more I heard the words, only this time they were: 'And the ship is gone.' A violent rattling of the window, a choking cry from the bed, and the girl fell back dead."

"That's all, Jack. Its no use saying you don't believe. I don't know what it was myself, but I heard and saw just what I tell you. They search the grounds high and low and found nothing. The old woman, Nelly, told me she had heard the cry at midnight that same night, but did not see anything; but she declared the Fitzgeralds always had the Banshee after them and the death voice was surely heard when any of the family was about to die. 'Those words about the ship puzzled me often. As the song has it they 'have nothing to do with the case. The whole thing is a mystery. I would take some one cleverer than I am to explain away. All I know is I was neither drunk nor asleep and I saw and heard it exactly as I tell you. People didn't believe me, so I left off relating the story until your question to-night brought it back to my mind; and often when I am alone I think it all over again, and I seem to hear that voice with the burden of its song. 'And the ship went down.'"

The doctor was silent and the wailing wind took up his story and carried it out on the mists of the night.

I, the writer of this tale, can vouch for its truth, for I was present, and I heard the Death voice myself. Once since then I have heard it. It was when my uncle, my mother's brother, died. His death was unexpected, as no one thought he was dangerously ill. There were no words, only the wailing, melancholy cry, like the Irish keens at a wake, and three sharp, quick, decisive knocks on my bedroom door, just at three o'clock in the morning, the news of his death. He had died at 3 a.m. The death voice has always followed my mother's family. I cannot account for it. I do not believe in ghosts, yet if I heard the Banshee to night I could know that some one of my race and blood had come back to the days of the ark, and across the dark and solemn river to the "dim mysterious shore."

A Great Savant But a Poor Fisherman

After coaxing and flattering him for three or four days the judge finally consented to go fishing with us. There was nothing of the egotist about him, but his friends from Baltimore had given us to understand that he was a great man. He was a scientist, a savant, a philosopher, a statesman, a historian, a geologist and a great deal more, and when we got him to talking about fish he gave us pointers on the fluky tribe clear back to the days of the ark. After a sail of two miles we got down to the fishing grounds, and as it was just half-flood each one had plenty of business on hand for the next hour. The judge was on my right, and while I was pulling in a lively fish every other minute he didn't get a single bite. I heard him muttering and growling, but had no time to investigate. It was only after the run, and when each one was counting up from twenty-five to sixty as his catch, that the judge broke out with:

"And here I've sat all this time and not caught a single one!"

I took hold of his line and drew it in and there was a kingfish on each hook and both dead. They had drowned themselves. There was a roar of laughter, and when it had subsided the judge innocently protested:

"Well, how was I to know I had a fish! The water is so deep I can't see 'em!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Timely Hint.

A minister and a wealthy member of his congregation were walking the beach admiring the shells that had been cast up by the sea. "Can you tell me," said the minister, "why this ocean is unlike—very unlike—my congregation?"

"I couldn't tell; no, sir. I am disposed to look upon your conundrums as frivolous." "Sometimes they are, this one isn't. It is based on a sad, solid fact."

"Well, I give it up, anyhow."

"It's because the sea shells out."

And the wealthy member was wrapt in thought for several minutes.

Grounds for a Horrible Suspicion.

He—And are you sure that I am the first and only man ever kissed you?

She—Of course I am sure. You do not doubt my words, do you?

He—Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too madly, too devotedly for that. But why, oh, why, did you reach for the reins the very instant I ventured to put one around you, if you had never been there before?

Mrs. Chinston's Companion.

The servant told her that Mrs. Chinston was in the garden, so she went there; and guided by the sound of merry voices and the silvery laughter of pretty women, soon found her way to the lawn tennis ground.

Mrs. Chinston was a lucky woman—so her friends declared—and as the old saying goes, "it is better to be born lucky than rich." In this case, however, she was both. She was not only lucky but possessed of a fortune in her own right, and could well afford to indulge her capricious fancy to any reasonable extent. She was accustomed to a great deal of society, and delighted in filling her beautiful house every summer with a gay party of merry people.

To-day the companion she had secured for herself was to arrive. She had been endeavoring to gratify her caprices in that direction, which insisted on perfect grace and beauty, and now she was likely to succeed. For Rose Marlowe had been engaged to take the place of the lately deceased companion and Rose was a girl worth looking at. She was an orphan, and since her father's death had resided with her aunt—a plain, commonplace, coarse-natured woman, who had made the poor girl's life miserable.

Mrs. Chinston was a distant connection of Rose's dead mother. Having a slight acquaintance with Rose and hearing of her unpleasant situation, she took a notion to have her as her companion.

Mrs. Chinston, as a rule, was in the habit of carrying out her fancies, so in course of time her letter reached Rose Marlowe at her aunt's home in Welton. "I want you to come and live with me," she wrote, and stated frankly that, being in need of a companion, she had fallen in love with Rose, and ended by offering her a home at Verlow, as her estate was called, and a liberal salary; in return for which Rose was to read and play and sing, and help entertain Mrs. Chinston in her dull moments. Of course poor Rose accepted the proposition with alacrity. Sitting in the cool fragrant garden under the shade of a giant elm, Mrs. Chinston and her guests were watching with great interest a single-handed tennis match being played between two college men, both of whom were capital players.

"Good evening, Mrs. Chinston." She turned a quick start of surprise. Before her in the green grass stood a girl—a slender, graceful girl—pale, oh, so pale and worn—with large, dark, pathetic eyes, and hair of the sunniest gold.

She was dressed very simply in a plain calico dress and a coarse sun hat.

The ladies grouped about in picturesque attitudes in elegant robes of every color of the rainbow, stared superciliously upon the stranger and a cold disdain seemed to freeze them all.

It was Mrs. Chinston's turn to be confused at this reception to her "fancy," but she was the first to recover her composure.

She knew that Rose Marlowe was very proud, with all her poverty, and Mrs. Chinston felt a little "taken back."

She arose and extended her hand cordially. "Why, Rose!" she exclaimed, pleasantly. "I am glad to see you. Come with me to your room, my dear."

For Mrs. Chinston was saying to herself: "What a fright the child looks in that horrid calico! I'll get her into one of my last season's dresses as soon as possible."

Rose followed her conductor quietly through the beautiful garden to the house. Her head was erect and her eyes flashed proudly.

She is ashamed of me, thought the girl, chiding back the sobs which began to rise in her throat.

Once up in her neat chamber Rose was at her ease.

Mrs. Chinston insisted upon arraying her in one of her own dresses which was really simple; and Rose accepted it because she felt that as Mrs. Chinston's companion, she must not appear shabby in the presence of that lady's guests.

It was a fine evening about three days after Rose Marlowe's arrival at Verlow that Colonel Frederic Maxwell, owner of Cheepside, the neighboring estate, had wandered away from his fellow-sportsmen and was walking slowly homeward through the fields, his thoughts busy. His musings were suddenly awakened by a faint, startled cry of agony.

He sprang forward, and beheld on issuing from the woods a fearful sight—there, twenty yards from him, was Rose Marlowe moaning here and there in wild fear, distractedly calling for help, her dress, which had been evidently ignited by one of the children's firecrackers thrown carelessly about, was on fire.

A group of frightened women was gathered a safe distance off, holding their gauzy toilets about, fearful of coming in contact with the unhappy girl, only lending her the aid of their screams.

Coming across the lawn at full speed were several gentlemen. But Rose's life depended on seconds. Her dress was composed of the lightest materials, and helped by the breeze—the motion—the flames were rising with fearful rapidity to her arms, her face.

She was becoming a pillar of fire. At the first glance Maxwell took all this in. In an instant he saw that there was but one chance to save her.

He had no coat to envelop her in.

But as he might not be his hand upon those flames he could not beat them out—at least, until they had done worse injury than even perhaps death.

There was but one hope.

Running to the girl and throwing his arms about her he exclaimed firmly: "Do not be alarmed. Trust yourself to me, miss. The river—the river! Come—pray have no fear! I can swim—I can support you!"

Maxwell felt that he should never forget the glance of the dark eyes she turned on him.

"The river—the river! Thank heaven!" she cried, "you have saved me! Where—where!"

It was close by—here at their feet. A minute, and his arm was about her, and they had both plunged in.

There was a blaze of light, a fierce hiss, then darkness.

Then Maxwell in alarm found the girl had broken away from him.

Hardly had he risen to the surface when he heard her address him fervently.

"Thank you, you have saved my life!"

"You can swim?" he asked, surprised.

"Oh, yes, well; but in my awful terror I never thought of the river. I was so very frightened. My head now reels. I—I must get ashore."

"Can I help you?"

She did not answer, but struck more quickly out.

Maxwell held back. He saw eager hands extended to her. He saw her step on the bank, then reel and drop into the arms of a maid of Mrs. Chinston's.

Maxwell, having no desire to pass through the crowd of excited guests in his wet and soiled clothes, swam rather lower down and landed near his boathouse. A few days later Rose left her room and came down stairs looking fair and sweet in the pretty white organdie, trimmed with ruffles and lace, and a fragrant red rose in her golden braids.

Col. Maxwell was one of the guests—he advanced from amid the crowd—"I am rejoiced, Miss Marlowe, to see you recovered. I hoped you had escaped all injury, but I feared you would be hurt more than you appear to be."

"And that I am not, I owe all to you," she said, as she frankly gave him her hand. "Your suggestion saved me from fearful injury, if not death—and how can I ever repay the debt?"

"To say you thank me, Miss Marlowe—with the pleasure of having saved you is a reward enough," he said. "After all my work was small. You see you could swim." He was at her side during the entire evening, and Rose sought her own room, conscious of having been the object of Colonel Maxwell's undivided

attention—something really to be proud of, she had found out—for each of the other ladies had appeared greatly flattered by any show of interest in her own particular welfare, which he chose to evince. He was a great favorite with all the company and as the days went by Rose awoke to the knowledge of the growing jealousy and dislike for herself which the lady guests began in various petty matters to display.

It disturbed Rose greatly, until she remembered that she had done no harm or wrong—nothing to deserve it. After that it annoyed her very little and she went on in the even tenor of her way.

There was not an unmarried woman at Verlow that would not have said "yes" with heartfelt gratitude to a proposal of marriage from the owner of Cheepside.

But Colonel Maxwell had much more sense than to pin his faith or affection either upon any of the painted dolls who had come to Verlow to dawdle away the long summer days and angle for rich husbands.

He admired Rose Marlowe from the very first. The simple earnestness of the girl charmed him. He perceived readily enough that her mind was not upon the matrimonial market, and so, as time passed, he awoke to the fact that he loved her dearly, and Rose could not help loving him in return, for this golden glory which had come into her lowly life made her very happy.

Now Maxwell was far seeing, and he easily discovered the petty jealousies and heart-burnings around them, and one day he found out something far worse than he had anticipated.

By accident he overheard a conversation of the lady guests who had been most zealous in their endeavors to win his "many affections," a conversation which revealed a vile plot.

They had laid a plan to wound and humiliate Rose Marlowe, and to make her believe that he, Colonel Maxwell, was to be married in the early winter to a Devonshire lady and had been only amusing himself at her expense.

Frederic Maxwell sat silent and listened to every word of the plot. Then, with a curious twinkle in his handsome dark eyes, he left his seat and went straight into the garden in search of Rose.

He found her in a cool, green arbor, and there he told her of his great love for her, and begged her to become his wife.

They were together a long time, and in the cool of the evening they rowed down the river in Colonel Maxwell's boat.

It was the first time that summer that a lady had been out rowing with him, and it was the last drop in the bucket for the jealous hearts at Verlow. They decided that the blow which they had planned should fall upon Rose's defenceless head that very night.

She was sitting in the garden in the moonlight—she was very pale and still, but there was a calm look in her dark eyes which revealed a happy secret.

The two who had formed the plot to destroy her happiness, drew near her now as though by accident, and pretending not to be aware of Rose's vicinity.

"I should like to know," remarked one, carelessly, "what Colonel Maxwell's fiancée would say if she knew of his flirtation with Miss Marlowe?"

"Yes, indeed," sighed the other. "Poor girl, little does she dream of his behavior when he is absent from her. He is the most unmitigated flirt I ever saw in my life. I would like to see the to-be Mrs. Maxwell now, and—"

She paused in speechless astonishment as Colonel Maxwell suddenly appeared upon the scene with Rose leaning upon his arm. He bowed courteously.

"I am most happy to be able to oblige you," he said, pleasantly. "Ladies, you desire so much to see Mrs. Maxwell, allow me to present you to my wife! We were married this evening."

Oh, the sensation, and oh, the disappointment and chagrin.

"Dear Frederic," said Rose, gently, turning from them all and leaning her face against his broad shoulder, "let us pray that we may live long, long happy years together."

Lizzie.

I wonder if all women air
Like Lizzie is when we go out
To theaters and concerts where
Is things the papers talk about.
Do other women fret and stew
Like they was belted, crucified
Fretting a show or concert through,
With wonder if the baby cried!

Now Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there
To see that everything is right,
Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care
Ain't good enuff fr baby, quite;
Yet what am I to answer, when
She bid us fillets at my side,
An' a ks me every now an' then
"I wonder if the baby cried!"

Serna like she's seen two little eyes
A-pinin' fr thir mother's smile—
Serna like she's seen the pleasured eyes
(One she thinks is all the while;
An' so she's sorry that she come,
An' though she's tries to hide
The truth, she's rather say to hum
Than wonder if the baby cried!

Yes, wimmun to ks is all alike—
By Lizz'e you kin judge the rest;
There never was a little tike,
But that his mother loved him best,
An' nex' to belin' what I be—
The husband u' my gentle bri'e—
I'd woid I was that conodill' we,
With Lizz'e wonder if I cried.

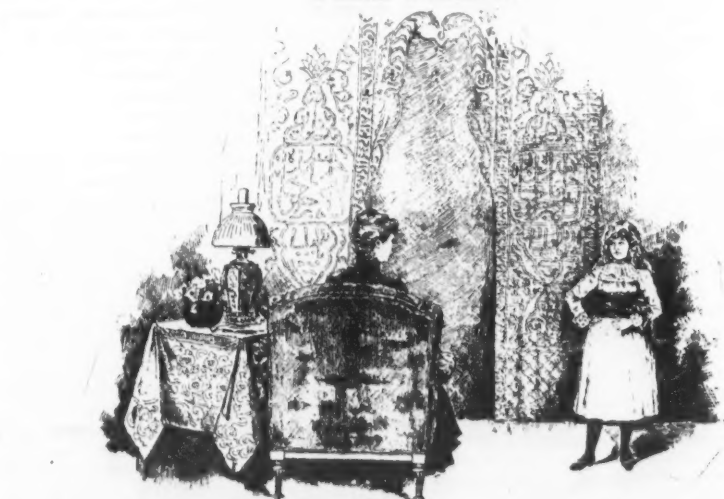
—Chicago News.

Laughing and Weeping.

Why we laugh and why we weep are mysterious questions that few can answer. It is generally believed that we laugh for joy and weep for sorrow, but the influences that cause men to thus give vent to their feelings are as eccentric as they are varied. To turn light on the problem, a Washington Post reporter sought Dr. W. A. Hammond.

"I suppose the most prominent cause of laughter," he responded, in a reply to a question, "is a sudden revolution of the emotions. That is, a change from one emotion to another, especially when the changes are of a pleasant character. Thus, for instance, when we have been reading something rather calculated to excite grief and we come to something of a

A Matter of Acoustics.



"Where were you, Sally, when you heard me call you for dinner?"
"Across the street."
"And where were you when you didn't hear me call you to go to bed?"
"In the corner."—Life.

ridiculous character our tendency is to laugh, while if we had the ridiculous all through we probably would not laugh at all. Then we laugh at attempted wit rather than at true wit. True wit excites pleasure but does not produce laughter, as does buffoonery. We laugh at the antics of a clown but not at the sayings of Moliere."

"What is the immediate cause of laughter?" "It is the reflex action excited by the causes I have mentioned acting through the brain and nervous system upon the respiratory muscles throwing them into spasmodic action. Laughter is a spasm of the respiratory muscles accompanied by a relaxation of the muscles of the face and sometimes by the shedding of tears."

"At what age do people laugh most?" "I think it is not often the case that adult men laugh. They smile, but laughing is in greater part confined to women and children. A mere child laughs readily and an elderly person who has long passed the middle of life is very apt to laugh at slight causes. This, however, is dangerous for them to do as they may bring on apoplexy, or drop dead from some heart disease if they indulge themselves unduly. I have known several instances of death being brought on in this way by old people. Then persons of enfeebled faculties will laugh at certain things which would not excite risibility with an adult of well-ordered mind. A very curious circumstance connected with laughter is that, especially with children, and sometimes with women, and frequently with old people, the visible expression of the emotion does not correspond with their real feeling. They laugh when surprised, I had a patient once who laughed whenever he saw a funeral. He meant to cry rather than to laugh. There was another who laughed immoderately whenever he read the obituary columns of a newspaper. He said he did so because he felt so sorry. He would laugh from five to ten minutes at a time before he could control himself."

"Do not ignorant people laugh more than the educated?"

"Yes; that is because they have not been so accustomed to control their emotions as are people of refined life. But the reasons for laughter are most intricate. I have a patient who laughs over a solemn French book he is reading. He laughs over it in a most exorbitant manner, but what he laughs at I cannot imagine."

"What are the facts in regard to weeping?" "Weeping, the shedding of tears, is rarely indulged in by adult men of good minds for causes of real sorrow. Old persons, women and children, weep; men of well ordered minds do not. Man does not weep, as a rule, under pain; he may groan, but he does not shed tears, though children and women will do so often on slight occasions."

"What produces weeping?" "Generally physical pain. Adults do not usually express sympathy for real suffering with tears. It is a very curious thing that men will witness the real suffering of a poor woman having her leg amputated in a perfectly stoical manner. They go to the theater, and seeing a girl taking the part of one in distress, shed tears during half the play. I have looked upon many distressing scenes unmoved, so far as weeping is concerned, but upon watching acted suffering I have had tears come into my eyes. A remark made by the Indian mutineer, He could never read a pitiful story without crying over it, yet he inflicted the most horrible tortures on the men and women who fell into his hands and seemed to enjoy their misery."

"At what age do people weep most readily?" "The proclivity to shed tears is very well marked in old people, especially when they are suffering from some brain disease, such as apoplexy, or have suffered from it. They weep over trifles. I had under my care at one time one of the most eminent gentlemen of his time, who occupied a post next to the highest under the government, who would cry because his coffee was cold, and yet that man's mind in its best condition was one of the best this country ever produced. I have seen him cry for ten minutes on such occasions. Some people can't weep even when they want to, though the grief of these persons is very distressing, and is very apt to produce serious disturbance of the nervous system, and when tears do come it is a great relief for them."

"What effect do these emotions have on people?" "I think that laughter is better for mankind than weeping. I think those amusements which tend to produce laughter, tend, other things being equal, to prolong life, while those circumstances that tend to produce weeping and emotional distress tend to shorten life."

"What harm might excessive laughter cause?" "It might cause death."

"What would be the effect of excessive weeping?" "People are much more apt to die from that than from laughter. Laughter kills only as it interferes with the action of the heart or as it would restrict the muscles of respiration so greatly that they press upon the large muscles of the neck and cause apoplexy; whereas weeping produces heart disease quite often. It is better to laugh than to weep, that is certain."

German Cheek.

A gentleman was traveling in a smoking-compartment on the New York Central the other day, and at a certain station a German entered the carriage and took his seat opposite to him. When the train had started, the German, noticing the other's Havana, inquired if he could oblige him with a cigar. The American, astonished at the request, reluctantly pulled out his case, and saw with disgust the other select the best cigar he could find, and produce a match from his pocket and light it. After taking a few puffs, with evident enjoyment, the German, beaming at his companion through his spectacles, said, affably:

"I could not haf doubred you, but I had a match in mein boggit, and I did not know vat to do mit it."



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Is the World Growing Better?

The question is frequently asked whether on the whole the world is growing better or worse, whether mankind to day are more moral, honest and humane than their ancestors of one or two centuries ago? There are always those who are disposed to praise "the good old times" and see nothing but degeneracy in the present. The talk about "these degenerate days" dates back to Homer, whose song abounds in complaints of the decay of many virtues in comparison with the strength and valor of the heroes whose feats he celebrates. Despite the utterances of pessimists, ancient and modern, no mind that has thoroughly cleared itself of cant and is capable of taking a calm and impartial survey of life and manners as gleaned from history, literature and personal observation can doubt that the world is by slow degrees improving. People are certainly more humane and philanthropic than they used to be. Look for instance at the public excitement aroused over the Maybrick poisoning case, only one out of many in which a capital conviction upon what appears rather dubious evidence has stirred up a wide-spread agitation for the remission of the death penalty. A hundred years ago our ancestors hung men and women in batches for such offences as sheep stealing and coining and nobody's sensibilities were outraged. Who in those good old days among the well-to-do ever troubled themselves about the condition of the poor? A few sentimentalists and agitators perhaps, but the great mass of society regarded the "lower classes" as born to suffer and sometimes to starve, and thought nothing further about the matter. Even the most casual acquaintance with modern literature will show that the social question is now everywhere regarded as one of supreme importance. Leaders of thought are abandoning the abstractions of metaphysics and dogmatic theology and turning their attention to the betterment of the condition of the masses. Prisoners' aid societies, fresh air funds and a thousand similar practical schemes for the rescue of fallen humanity and the relief of suffering, testify to the growing consideration for the happiness of others, which is one of the characteristics of our times. There was nothing resembling it a hundred years ago. Let a child be cruelly treated, and how quickly the public indignation is aroused against actions which a few generations ago would have passed as matters of course. There is far more kindness and sympathetic brotherly feeling among men to-day than ever there was before—much less intolerance—in spite of the clerical and other bigots, and an increasing recognition of the truth that "an injury to one is the concern of all." Wars are becoming less frequent notwithstanding the far greater clashing of interests and mutual rivalries consequent upon commercial expansion. There is no reason to suppose that men are less honest either in public or in private matters than they were of old, when it is considered that the frauds and swindles and robberies, political or otherwise, committed throughout the whole continent are focused for our edification in a single newspaper. Before the days of the telegraph and enterprising journalism, nine tenths of the crimes and misdeeds which make us sigh over the depravity of these modern days, would never have been heard of outside the locality where they were committed. The worst of the political jobs would never have been heard of at all, or if they happened to leak out would have been regarded as quite in the usual course of business. In the good old days, politicians bribed constituencies by wholesale and sold themselves to governments for titles, offices or estates, without causing any scandal. It was looked on as a necessary evil. The world is certainly improving, but we may be certain that some of our descendants in the latter part of the twentieth century, when things are still better, will in turn be found denouncing the degeneracy of the age and looking back regretfully to the good old nineteenth century as the vanished golden age. It is human nature.

Mountain Railways.

Among the many wonderful feats of engineering with which the present time is so replete must be placed the facilities by which high elevations are ascended by railways. In Switzerland, as one might expect, particular attention is paid to mountain railroading with such success that one can already attain to a great elevation by means of the iron horse. A Belgian paper says that the inclined railways that once were considered steep, with gradients of 30, 40 and 50 per cent., are now relegated to the wonders that have been. It states that Mount Pilatus is now climbed by a gradient which is officially stated to be 48 per cent., but which sometimes attains to 75 per cent. The start is made from Alpnach on the Lake of Lucerne and in ninety minutes the summit is reached, the traveler being comfortably dragged in his carriage up the precipitous peaks of this celebrated mountain, which is more than 2,000 metres high—nearly a mile and a half. The traveler is assured that he is perfectly safe, yet many of them make the ascent with closed eyes and hands tightly clenched. It will soon be unnecessary for the lazy tourist to adopt Mark Twain's method of climbing the mountains by means of an agent.



Mr. W. O. Forsyth has succeeded in impressing the German publishers with an appreciation of the value of his work. In the autumn several of his works will appear, published on the continent. A series of piano Etudes and a Fantasia Caprice for the violin will be among the number.

I have frequently been asked "why don't you ventilate this abuse? Why don't you expose that humbug?" and other questions of similar import in reference to the hundred and one little pieces of arrogance, ignorance, and presumption that come before the public in general, but which are perhaps more readily seen by musicians themselves. The question itself, and the implied compliment to my championship of truth which is conveyed in the appeal, are very flattering to my reputation for fearless scoring of charlatanism but—I am afraid that if I were to tilt at every windmill that my sensitive friends decry on the horizon I should have a better reputation for hot-headedness, than for discretion. No, I do not expect to set the whole musical world right, and I won't try to; but I will help you, gentle reader, if you wish to do a little sweeping in front of your own door. If you are dissatisfied with any phase of musical effort in this neighborhood, kindly write me a letter saying what you feel and think upon the subject, and equally kindly try and muster up enough courage to sign it with your own name, and it shall appear in this column, always provided that it is not too abusive and personal. I am sure that nothing would please the conductors of SATURDAY NIGHT better than that its musical column should be a debating ground where questions of moment to the profession may be ventilated.

O. B. Sheppard has engaged the following musical attractions for the Grand Opera House this season: Carleton Opera Co., one week; Duff Opera Co., one week; Juch Opera Co., three nights and matinee; Boston Ideal Opera Co., three nights and matinee; the Corsair (Rice's), one week; the Bostonians, three nights and matinee; Nadja, one week; Said Pasha, three nights and matinee; Emma Abbott Grand Opera Co., one week, and Evangeline, three nights and matinee—a total of seven and a half weeks of music by the best American companies. Mr. Sheppard is also negotiating with Patti and her grand opera company and feels certain of closing a two nights' engagement. By the way, Patti's manager only asks \$15,000 for the two nights.

METRONOME.

The Little Bird That Tells.

For Saturday Night.

A farm house garden, years ago:
A wee maid trotting to and fro
In search of that bird—of childhood's cares—
The bird that mothers' watching shares—
Close-closing the lawn—each below and mound,
But the tell-tale bird was not to be found.
She wonders if, with childish fear,
He watches, aye, the little girl here;
Or if he sometimes goes away,
To where the rest of the children play,
And tells of their not wearing hats, and mounds,
And when they pet the "scratchy" cats.
And can he see into all upstairs,
And know when the rest don't say their prayers?
Does he go and tell on Sabbath days—
The fun they're having all summer plays,
Don't folks ever catch him and kill him dead
"He's a mean little bird," aloud, she said.
Her search of the lawn is now complete,
She enters the garden with eager feet,
And patiently peers in each leafy nook
For a bird with a rather common look.
"If once I saw him," said little Miss,
"I'd look around for him, after this."
He can't be like another bird,
For they won't tell me a single word.
And this one whispers, man's said,
And then she laughed and shook her head,
"She mustn't tell more," she said, "to-day,"
Or praps he'd hear and go away.
I watched a bird, way up in a tree:
He was lookin' down almost at me.
So I said out loud—not 'posin' he'd know:
"Little birdie, where did my daughter go?"
And he never answered a single word,
So he couldn't have been the right kind of bird.
Dear little heart; it's your innocent face,
Unmarked by a single world-wide trace;
Your chubby cheeks where the blushing rise,
The thoughts that shine in your baby eyes
Like pebbles that lie in deep clear wells—
Your face, little girl—is the bird that "tells."

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

The Drama.

A gentleman living in the city, who was much interested in the extract from the *Theater*, concerning Adelaide Neilson, published in this column two weeks ago, sends me the following sketch and verses on the death of a young English actress, whose early death terminated the prospects of a bright career: "Some few years back there was a young and graceful actress in London, Eng., whose simplicity and goodness gained for her the esteem of all who knew her. Her name was Nelly Moore. She was the Ada Ingot to Sothorn's David Garrick at the Haymarket Theater, and the original 'Lancashire Lass' in H. J. Byron's drama of that name. She died while yet very young and was buried in Brompton Cemetery. Soon after her burial a piece of cardboard was found on her grave, with some lines written in pencil. Believing that they have never been in print before, possibly the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT might like to read them.

NELLY MOORE.

Thalia's gifted votress, chaste and fair,
Thy loss, how many with thy kindred share!
In art and nature unselected grace
Shone in the charm that lit thy fairy face.
Thy spotless life, affectionate, devout,
In fond remembrance dwells unsullied by doubt;
That is our solace while the surging tear
Flows in a flood for one beloved and dear.
Now from this world thy spirit finds release,
No vain regrets should chase thy lasting peace,
While all who knew thee feel thine exit pain,
Dear sainted Nelly—guileless Nelly Moore.

M. Damala, the husband of Sara Bernhardt, died in Paris last Sunday of cerebral congestion.

Maggie Mitchell owns up to fifty-seven years. She has waited long for the sensation and the advertisement of divorce!

Mr. J. A. Toole, a well-known theatrical man, will be the local manager of the Toronto Opera House for the coming season.

Mr. John Nicholson, who was treasurer of the Grand Opera House when Mrs. Charlotte Morrison was the lessee, is in the city on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Morrison. Mr. Nicholson is a resident of New York and holds a position in the custom house there.

Rosina Vokes says she knows a delightful man in England (who is suspected to be Cecil Clay), the father of a bright little six-year-old boy. One day he asked the youngster what profession he would like to follow when grown up. "Oh, a policeman or a soldier," was the quick response; but seeing a look of disappointment in the paternal face, he added: "But after all, papa, if the worst comes to the worst, I can always be an actor."

Stephen Fiske in his Random Reminiscences in the American Musician relates the following anecdote as one of the late E. A. Sothorn's irrepressible practical jokes: "One night in London just as the audience were going into the St. James' Theater (of which Fiske was manager), a dray drawn by four horses blocked the street, and an immense sugar hoghead was unloaded in front of the door. Carriages were stopped; people could not get to the box office, and confusion was worse confounded. When Manager Fiske had regulated matters by having the hoghead rolled away, he happened to touch it and found that it was empty. Inside was tucked an ordinary note from Sothorn inviting his friend to dine with him at his convenience.

"Fiske retaliated the next day, when he hired two drays and bought two loads of the largest packing cases in which to convey his card and a formal acceptance of the comedian's invitation."

The Devil's Sonata.

A remark made by Metronome in his fine musical column in SATURDAY NIGHT, August 17, that a "witty Frenchman has said 'If Joachim plays like a God, Sarasate plays like a Devil,'" reminded me of a concert I once attended at St. James' Hall, Piccadilly, some five or six years ago. I was living at the time in a queer old house in a dingy square in Bayswater. It was a French pension, solely for daily governesses, or those looking "for a place;" and it was filled with women of all ages, mostly foreigners.

The life of a daily governess in London is not a very enviable one, but it has its glimpses of brightness and humor; and it is well that it is so, for at best it is a depressing life. How well I remember it! And how hard it was to make ends meet and keep up a lady-like appearance on \$6 a week. Some of my readers will perhaps think that \$6 a week is pretty good pay, when one can clothe oneself so cheaply over there as compared with Canada. Well, in the first place if you are a stranger in London and quite alone there, it behooves you to find a boarding-house of exceptional respectability; so that you cannot go to a very cheap place. At the very least you will pay \$4 a week for board and room, leaving \$2 for washing, dress, rent of piano (if you teach music you can hardly be without one) and to "penny" bus or underground railway fares, as the distances are long in London, and often one's pupils live far apart. At Madame Roland's there were at that time but two Englishwomen, one Scotch girl, the dearest and prettiest little woman in the world, and myself, a descendant (be not doubtful, O reader) of the kings of Connaught. Home rule for ever! Forgive my little burst of patriotism. We English-speaking people chummed to gether, that is all but one little old governess, whom it would take the pen of a Dickens to describe. To say that Miss Andrews was eccentric would be to "draw it mild." She was decidedly a little mad. She took a violent fancy to me because of the brogue, and she would often corner me up when I was in my greatest hurry, only to hear me say "me darlin'" over and over again. We got up a little Bohemian club and had delightful evenings in Birdie Gray's room, which was larger than Dot's (my Scotch girl) or mine, and which had besides a nice piano in one corner. I wonder would the rich grocer's wife at Brixton, to whose daughters Dot gave lessons in German and music, have had anything more to do with her, if she saw her, as I have often seen her, sitting after a long day's teaching in a shabby but eminently becoming old velvet wrapper, smoking a cigarette and listening to Birdie's sweet, melancholy voice as she sang that lovely thing of Jean Ingelow's "Ships are a-crossing at Sea," while a pair or two of manly legs roved about somewhere in the background. Well—never mind! it was very innocent enjoyment, as most Bohemian enjoyments are, and it helped us all wonderfully through next day's dull work. I shall never forget the first evening I knocked at Miss Andrews' door with an invitation to join our meeting in Birdie's room! She called out "come in" and as I had never been there before I was amazed when I got inside. Miss A— would not allow a maid or dust pan anywhere near her, and she did her own cooking up there, and gave lessons on the violin for pupils. This night she was sitting up in bed with a garment something like a watchman's greatcoat round her shoulders. Close against her bed was a very large round table which revolved so that when she touched it she could turn it around and get whatever she wanted without getting out of bed. It was covered with the most incongruous articles. A pair of dirty-white satin shoes, a violin, a ham-bone with an empty beer bottle beside it, and a little hunk of cheese with a broken roll of bread, were some of the extraordinary objects lying cheek by jowl upon it.

"See, my dear," she said, as I entered, "how convenient it is when I'm in bed, just touch the table and there I have my lunch all ready. Again, there is my violin and the tickets for Sarasate's concert. Have you ever heard him? No, of course not, you dear Irish creature! Well, you must come with me to-morrow. I'll introduce you to him, my dear, I speak Spanish. He'll be delighted to meet anyone who can speak Spanish, my dear. You know, my dear, he is just like the devil. No, my dear, I mean he plays like the devil—no: that I ever heard him play—I mean the devil, my dear, but there, there, you will understand me, you dear clever Irish creature, just like your nation, dear, ignorant, clever creatures. No, my dear, I can't come to your delightful little club, thank you all very much. Be ready, my dear, to-morrow, we must be in good time. Oh, don't go, don't go!" she called shrilly after me. "I want to get that Irish word right again. Will you say it just once my dear, 'me dawlin'; I can't get the R at all. Irish people must have a special kind of tongue, I think." Thus she ran on while I said "me darlin'" five or six times, and at last fairly ran out of the room.

Next day we set out in a tu'penny bus for the concert. Miss Andrews and I got separated somehow, and she screamed at me volubly in French all the way, much to the amusement of the other passengers and to my distress, till at last I looked steadily out of the window and took no notice of her, though I could hear her telling her neighbor—a fat old lady—that I was "a dear Irish creature, my dear, a little excitable and violent, just like her poor, wild country, you know," until the fat old lady, as I could see by the frightened look on her face evidently took me for a dangerous lunatic, and I could joyfully have punched Miss Andrews' head. We got a very good place in the gallery at St. James' Hall, and for a while we watched the aristocracy assembling in the seats beneath until the arrival of the Princess of Wales and suite, when the concert at once commenced.

Miss Andrews was very quiet for she was a thorough musician, but she had a very large Gamp-like umbrella with her and a roll of bread of extraordinary length which she had bought at a little French restaurant in Bond street and which added to her odd appearance. She wore a large straw hat like a basket upside down tied with green ribbons, and an amber necklace, and some kind of coat like an overgrown boy's jacket which with her little weazened face and bob-curls looked, to say the least of it, remarkable. First came Joachim with his calm phlegmatic face and slow movements. He played divinely and was encored over and over, but I was all impatient for the appearance of Sarasate. At last the great Spanish violinist came on the stage and was greeted with round after round of applause, while Miss Andrews began to get excited, and stood up in her seat crying, "Welcome, Senor!" and something else in Spanish just as though he could hear her. Sarasate was to play The Devil's Sonata by Tartini; and surely no music in the world suited his style better. He is a little man with very big fierce-looking mustache, and a bright, keen look. There is a legend attached to the Devil's Sonata which runs thus: One night Tartini after a long day's study during which he failed to get the proper inspiration for a scene in an opera he was composing, threw himself on his bed, much dispirited and fell into a deep sleep. He thought that, as he lay there his door opened, and a man clothed in sombre garments, with a livid face, and great burning eyes entered and taking up the violin, began to play. Never did human hands produce such sounds, and Tartini fairly wept with delight and shuddered with horror as the Devil played on and on till at last the strains becoming wilder and wilder ended in a thunder-clap in which man and violin vanished and Tartini awoke to find himself alone. Seizing his violin he remembered some of the music but not all and then he wrote what Pablo Sarasate was about to play. I shall never forget it. The opening movement came slowly and softly, with a note of despair in it, and presently the music swelled up and filled the great hall as with the shriekings of the damned, until it seemed not one, but a hundred violins were sobbing out upon the air. Sarasate, too, acted in unison with the violin; he moved rapidly from one side to the other, his eyes dilated, his whole figure enlarged, his face illumined and was grand with the soul of the man which shone through his great eyes. Wilder and wilder grew the music, until the wonderful movement ended in an accumulation of sounds that I cannot describe. A hundred voices seemed united in a mighty cry for pardon that might well reach God's throne; and I could hardly believe that one man alone could produce such sounds. I was overwhelmed. The tears were running down my cheeks, though I knew nothing of them, while Miss Andrews waved her roll of bread and umbrella together, and stamped and kissed hands to the player till I thought sure enough she had gone mad.

When the concert was over, and no one played after that wonderful music, Miss Andrews took me down to a room under the stage, to introduce me to the great musician. I do not know if she herself ever met him before, but now she rushed up to him, seized him in her arms, and kissed him on both cheeks, much to my horror, though the little man did not seem to think anything of it. She then dragged me forward, and introduced me as "a dear Irish creature who loved Sarasate with all her soul," making rather free with my affections, I thought. I looked at the violin and wondered if it were really an ordinary one, or an infernal instrument. Sarasate noticed me and he touched his little friend very tenderly as he said: "Si Senorita, I love it dearly." So we said good-bye and jogged home in our tu'penny bus to the dingy old house in the square and I felt there were worse ways of earning my bread than as a daily governess whose lines indeed often fell "in pleasant places" in the heart of old London city. Yes, Metronome, truly Pablo Sarasate plays "like a devil," and I hope that you and I will be present when he makes his bow in Toronto, before one of the finest musical audiences in the world.

"If we hope to instruct others," says Coleridge, "we should familiarize our own minds to some fixed and determinate principles of action."



Temptation.

For Saturday Night.

How frail is the craft he is steering, how rapid the river speeds on,
How many the rocks he is nearing, how luring the water god's song.

How gay rings his happy young laughter, as tossed in the play of the stream,
Courageous and brave he sails after the fair golden fleece of his dream.

Once only, the tears rise to blind him, 'tis when he looks backward and sees,
The mother and home far behind him—then turns he again to the breeze.

Ah, me! the reef under the f-crest was first to grate hard on the keel,
He passed it when leaving the home-nest, but sharp was the shock he could feel.

Down farther some bold rocks are catching what driftwood the waters supply,
With careful and diligent watching he pilots his boat a feebly-by.

And here is a snag where the river runs dizzily onward and fast,
His shallop flies by with a shiver, thank Heaven that danger is past.

O! horror, he sees in the distance sand bars, he is running aground?
But no, with a giant resistance, to clear them he swings the boat 'round.

Here's a whirlpool, calm seem its terrors, insensibly he is drawn in,
His eyes can distinguish no errors, his conscience belittles the sin.

Its grasp is the grasp of a demon, and whispering faintly a prayer,
With efforts almost superhuman, he pulls from that death-liekest snare.

The struggle has made him so weary he rests for a space on his oar,
And looks from the river now dreary to the sweetness of sky and shore.

Red and saffron the clouds glow above him, the sun in a splendor ends,
The world looks as tho' it could love him, and he laughs as we laugh on friends.

How brilliant the scene, so much stronger than shadows which 'round him remain,
He'll watch it but one moment longer, then look to his helm again.

And so he lies idle, and drifting, forgetting his life-boat to steer,
Nor seeing some dark rocks uplifting, sure there can be nothing to fear!

O, fool! had he only but striven to turn from that sky color-flecked—
Too late, his frail shallop is riven, O, God! on the rocks he is wrecked.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

The Old, Old Story.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, what a charming creature! There grace in every feature.

Oh, that my heart could reach her by the little arts of love!

O, sweet anticipation, of a little gay flirtation
With this queen of all creation. How it makes my pulses move!

O, my heart is full of yearning, as I watch her proud eyes burning

With the very soul of learning, and hear her words divine;
My heart is p- at concealing, and before her I am kneeling,
My love and life revealing, and ask her to be mine.

O, my son is full of pleasure, beyond all infinite measure,
For I have won the treasure that will make my life complete.

My thoughts run wild with madness—I overflow with gladness,
For I never dream of sadness when everything is sweet.

But time tells every story, and all my dreams of glory
Have proven transitory, in a service absolute;

That really charming creature has turned from wife to preacher,
An earthquake wouldn't teach her that I am not a brute.

I'm feeling much dejected, and everything connected
With me is quite neglected. It really is absurd

To think that I am fated to be so oddly mated
With a mind so elevated—above the common herd.

She talks of myths and muses, or anything she chooses,
But to hear me speak refuses if I hint of meals deferred;

And every night I greet her, she has some verse or metre
She says is really sweeter than anything I've heard.

She'll write an ode or sonnet to an ugly summer bonnet,
And ask my views upon it, with sundry playful threats,

But my heart forgets its yearning for her rhythms, rhymes and learning,

When a fellow's toast is burning, and his coffee she forgets.

I tell her she's peevish, for she raves till I am frantic
Of things she calls romantic, in the latest story books.

It's tough for a hungry sinner to feast on a hashed-up dinner,
And feel he is getting thinner on soup and poetic looks.

My boy, beware of courting; it's rather dangerous sport,
The end of your courting may be a trifle rough.

Fight shy of female rhymers, those dreamy, star-dazed diabolers.

Get one of the good "old timers," and you've got the "solid stuff!"

LONDON SOUTH, ONT. SAM GREENWOOD.

A Sighing Song

For Saturday Night.

O, maiden with that dark brown hair,
With eyes so bright and smile so sweet,
Thy beauty seems more wonderful fair
Than that upon the earth we meet.

Now as thou standest radiant there
Gazing upon the dance apart,
Strong comes the longing to declare
The passion throbbing in my heart.

I could unfold, that thou alone
Of all the maidens I have seen
Can for this hollow world atone
And turn the withered leaf to green.

But why should I disturb thy peace
'Tis but a dream which ne'er can be,
Yet still I hope, though fate cries "Cease!"
To see thee must suffice for me.

What Caused the Coolness.

"Blingley, why does Oldboy refuse to speak to you? You used to be great friends."

"Yes when we were bachelors, but he's married now."

"What difference does that make?"

"Well the fact is, I made him a handsome wedding present of a book, and he hasn't spoken to me since."

"What was the book?"

"Paradise Lost."

Noted People.

Mrs. Oliphant is writing a book about Edinburgh.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is helping to organize an anti-woman suffrage society in England.

Joaquin Miller is described as "a slender, sparely built man well along in years, with long, yellowish white hair that lays on his shoulders in curls."

Dr. Stainer, the eminent organist of Westminster Abbey, a man who has done much for the cause of church music, is to be knighted as a recognition of his worth in art and religion.

Miss Ethel M. Mackenzie, daughter of Sir Morell Mackenzie, has taken up journalism as a profession or a pastime. She has begun by playing the role of correspondent to American newspapers.

Miss Anna W. Williams, who sat for the picture of Liberty on the American silver dollar, is instructor in philosophy and kindergarten methods in the Girls' Normal School of Philadelphia.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that in reviewing his life he finds that he has taken more interest in surgery than in poetry, but he realizes that his fame will rest upon the efforts of his pen, not of his knife.

The indignant Hadji Haseen Ghooly Khan will be succeeded as Persian Ambassador at Washington by Ammu Abdallah, who is said to be the fattest man in Persia. His weight is stated to be 347 pounds.

Alfred Parsons and E. A. Abbey, whose work constantly appears in conjunction in *Harper's Magazine*, are married to sisters, and the two families live in one house in a London suburb. Abbey is a very Anglicized American indeed.

The Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) is staying with her mother, the Princess of Wied, in her old home at Neuwid, which is never more beautiful than during the summer months, when the famous rose garden is in bloom. The Queen has lately published a new volume of poems, which are much commended.

Miss Helen Gladstone, president of Newnham College, Cambridge, makes a statement calculated to create a tumult among the married men who take the opposite view. Miss Gladstone says the full cultivation of women's intellectual powers has no tendency to prevent them from properly discharging domestic duties.

Not long ago Mr. Gladstone was asked how much of Homer he could repeat by heart. He thought for a moment, and hesitated before replying, as though anxious not to overstate the case. At length he said: "Well, I think if you were to repeat the first line of any page of Homer I could continue the quotation to the end of the page."

Cardinal Newman is said to be as active at eighty-nine as he was when he and the century were a decade younger. Though his mind is clear as ever, his hands have forgotten their cunning. He writes only with great effort, and now the difficulty is increased by a slight failure of eyesight. But the Cardinal still sees well enough to read his daily paper.

One of Mrs. Alma-Tadema's treasures is a large sandalwood fan, on which are inscribed various famous autographs, together with tiny drawings and paintings and strains of music. Mme. Modjeska's large, graceful signature and George Du Maurier's small, flowing one are on adjoining blades. In the center is Edouard Detaille's name, accompanied by a drawing of a soldier.

A Deer Park special to the New York *Graphic* says: "General Tyner has felt exhausted since coming up from Washington. Mrs. Harrison accidentally heard that the sick man craved what good housewives proudly call 'home-made' bread. She went at once to her kitchen, 'set' yeast, and General Tyner made his supper from a loaf made by the hands of the President's wife."

The London *Athenaeum* says that the article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* on Mr. Wilfrid Ward's life of his father, bearing the signature of the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, was written in part by Lady Tennyson, "whose keen interest and capacity in literature are known to a large circle of friends," and who at the last moment "became shy of publicity and left the subscription solely to her son."

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford was encouraged in her girlhood in her literary aspirations by Colonel F. W. Higginson, and he stood sponsor for her honesty when James Russell Lowell, then editing the *Atlantic*, thought that her first story, in a Cellar, was a translation from the French. Her home is on Deer Island, in the Merrimack River. Within a few months she has been left a widow, after an uncommonly happy marriage of twenty-four years with a man even more brilliant socially than herself.

The dicta and sayings of the Shah are still being reported. One of the most amusing of them is a remark which he made during his visit to the Chateau of Lecken. When he was introduced into the great hall where the Queen of the Belgians stood in state, surrounded by all the court dignitaries, he said, in French, to the King, pointing to the group of ladies-in-waiting: "Your harem, sir?" The King, astonished and amused, said nothing; and the Shah, taking his silence for an affirmative, remarked mildly: "You will have to renew it."

The following happy retort is being credited to the recently appointed Archbishop of Toronto. One time, when Bishop Walsh was still a priest, in taking a certain journey by rail he had as fellow travelers in the same car a pair of fresh youths who imagined that to get ahead of them in wit it was necessary to rise with the lark, if not earlier. They soon entered into conversation with Father Walsh, and recognizing his calling by his shaven face and the garb he wore, one of them tried to be funny by saying, "Do you know that during the French Revolution every time a priest was guillotined a donkey was put to death at the same time?" "Yes," retorted the future bishop, quietly, "what a good thing for you and me that we were not there."

Mrs. Forsyth, the widowed daughter of a United States Consul and a beauty of Samoa, is an American, who at the age of thirty-six owns and manages tracts of 150,000 acres of

fertile land. She employs hundreds of natives, builds and runs steamers, raises vast quantities of cotton, and with a partner controls one of the most extensive businesses in the South Sea Islands. She was of great assistance to our Consul in the negotiations for securing the use of the harbor of Pago-Pago as a coaling station, and recently offered to our Government twenty acres of her own property on the Island of Malulu for another station. The American Consul at Sydney says that she is better informed on the trade and commerce of the South Sea Islands than any other American south of the equator.

A certain correspondent of a Western journal has something to say of Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's smile. "It would frighten gloom," he says, "from the torture of the toothache, and chase joy on the wings of the morning. It spreads out like an overflow at the mouth of the Mississippi and sinks in like the depths of the ocean. With a countenance as solemn and as homely as a Sphinx, the smile breaks over it like the silver rift in a storm cloud or a dancing sunbeam across the gloomy mouth of the Mammoth Cave. The whole man is transformed, and the morgue-like shadows disappear in the glowing brightness of the noon-day sun. You can see that smile as it slyly twinkles and wrinkles in the corner of the eye, then slyly steals downward and skirmishes along the expanse of cheek to the twitching lips, until it charges all along the line, captures the whole countenance and is lost in the mouth, which opens like a widening crevice in the earth's surface or the bellows to a church organ."



Flower-Fancies
ATTER, patter, patter," whispered the rain-drops, as they softly kissed the upturned faces of the flowers. The recipients of this cool attention were refreshed by the shower, after the long day in which the sun had been so genial and warm-hearted, that the grasses and trees and flowers were well nigh wilted and dead. His last, long rays had hardly disappeared, when the wind, taking pity on his little favorites, sent a playful zephyr to amuse them, and the cloud opened his arms and let the soft rain fall.

The moon rose, the flowers murmured, "Good-night," and soon the garden was quiet. There was no sound, save that of the little bird's querulous twitter as they nestled down into the downy, warm, but overcrowded nest, or the soft night-breeze rustling the leaves of the tall poplars.

It was a dear, old-fashioned garden, with all the sweet, old-time flowers in it. There were no fashionable exotics or hot-house beauties, but roses, hollyhocks, sunflowers, pansies, pinks, oh! every kind of flower that is hardy and bright and lovely. There were flowers that bloomed all spring, summer and autumn, flowers that bloomed only in the spring, flowers that lasted but a short summer's month, and flowers that boldly raised their bright little faces to the chilly winds of autumn. Along one side of the house was a bank of geraniums of all colors and grown to a fabulous size, making a blazing line of color; at the southern end of the garden was a row of peach trees, now laden with their soft, pink-cheeked fruit, and grape vines clambered over the stone wall, and hung temptingly on the other side, as if on purpose to make little boys feel naughty and thirsty and with just the feeling that a bunch of grapes would do them all the good in the world. No doubt, grown people often experience the same sensation.

At the first glance one would imagine oneself in an uncareful wilderness, but in reality the garden was tended by loving and careful hands. In each flower dwelt a tiny elf. Those in the roses were chubby, dimpled cherubs, with laughing gray eyes, yellow hair, and skin as soft as the rose leaves which they loved. The fairies who floated from lily to lily resembled a dream of beauty, more than a living reality; a misty loveliness, the laciness of a silken sheen, graceful, sylph like movements; that was the fairy of the lilies. The elves who flitted in and out of the poppies were such harum-scarum little fellows, that in the rush of their movements one only caught a gleam of dusky, warm-colored brightness, and the ripple of joyous laughter.

The morning broke bright and clear, and the elves were stirring early. A sunshower came down in a hurry, and went away in the same manner, but as soon as the rain-bow appeared, each sprite prepared his color-box, a peach-leaf sewed with cob-web threads, and flew away to one end of the radiant arch, which seemed to terminate in a meadow, white with daisies, golden with golden-rod and blue with blue-bells. They were too wise to believe in the "pot-of-gold" fable, but they knew that when the rainbow melted they could catch the colors in their spider-woven leaves. After all the color-boxes were filled, the elves returned to their separate homes, where they tucked their treasures under the long grass and waited for the evening dew, in which they would dissolve their paints and then with a tiny blade of feathery grass, would give the blossoms the desired shade. Evening fell at last, and each fairy was hard at work, tinting the newly-opened buds and brightening the more mature flowers. The roses' bloom was renewed, and as their little tender gracefully poised himself on a swaying

branch, the friendly zephyr flew towards him, for this merry, bright-eyed elf was a great favorite of all the spirits of the air.

"How, now! Master Zephyr," cried the sprite gaily, "Are you preparing for some of your pranks to-morrow?"

"No impertinence sir! I shall blow, blow, and blow off all the fresh color on the flowers."

Oh, but I have had such a frolic to-day! The little girls' curls blew in their faces, and the apple-woman lost her fruit, and I blew the cotton out of the old gentlemen's ears, to see if I could not induce it to grow and flourish elsewhere, and I gave them long chases after their hats, and the umbrellas were frisky, and—" But here even the Zephyr's breath gave out, and he was obliged to indulge in a mild flirtation with the roses, who returned his caresses with sweetly-breathed confidences. But he was too lively to remain quiet long, and in a few moments was frisking about the garden, till with a sudden rustle and flutter and bluster, he blew himself away, leaving the garden to rest and peace. Down in the heart of the blossoms, nestled the elves: the soft, golden pollen for blankets and the slender pistils for bed curtains. When the children of the house scrambled through the garden the next morning, they said to one another, that there were new flowers on each plant, but the elves nodded their heads wisely and whispered: "Fairies have secrets which even the clever mortals cannot divine."

F. T. M.

Wellington at Waterloo.

Among the incidents of Waterloo, it is starting to find that Bulow's division might have completely failed but for the judgment of a single Belgian peasant. On leaving the woods of Erichermont, two roads diverge. The man who guided the column hesitated. He chose the left one, saying: "Now we shall take them all."

No man in his army was so much exposed during the battle as the Duke himself. He rode along the top of the ridge, now demolished, which sheltered his troops in some measure from the fire of the French artillery. This was done, not in the slightest degree for theatrical display; but because, after carefully balancing in his mind the advantages and disadvantages, he determined that it was better for him to do so. He felt that everything depended upon himself, and that the loss of his life might be the loss of his army. On the other hand, he knew that he had to deal with troops, not with a few exceptions, veterans, but chiefly boys, for they were hardly more, many of whom had never been engaged; and who had had no opportunity of seeing him win a battle. He felt that his first object must be to inspire confidence in his soldiers. His calmness of demeanor, his methodical way of dealing with the various regiments during the day, all of which was visible to his men, gave them unbounded confidence in the success of his orders.

Not only did he feel this; but he also felt that he would show to the brave men who fought under him, that however great were their risks, however great he expected from their courage, and their endurance, he exacted the same qualities and conduct from himself. All that they risked he risked; at any moment their lives might have been sacrificed; so might his. There was no one there was not one from the chief of his staff to the last joined recruit, who did not know, and who did not see the self-sacrifice of this great man. Not a private in the ranks but felt during that tremendous conflict that the Duke of Wellington, the man of wealth, rank, and success, with the world at his feet, was jeopardizing his life to at least the same degree as the poor outcast, who had become a soldier from starvation.

There must, however, have been a deeper feeling in Wellington's breast.

Those who have obtained extraordinary, and almost inordinate, influence over mankind mainly by military genius have persuaded themselves that they were the instruments of the Almighty. We can hardly be surprised that Mahomet did so; and Attila called himself "The scourge of God."

A thought, the converse of this, must have visited the Duke. He knew that in those Belgian meadows he was fighting the true, honest cause of civilization, and of freedom. He had known his own long, and successful career. He knew that those opposed to him were fighting bravely for a man whose honesty and honor had ceased to respect and he felt: "I can have no doubt, that the battle would be his. Anxiety may have crossed his mind in the long delay of the arrival of his faithful allies; but he never doubted the result of the day; and he must have known that the greatest battle that the world has ever known, that it was his guiding spirit that would give Europe half a century of peace."

Well might he say, with unaffected piety, "The danger of Provence was true, honest, honest cause of civilization, and of freedom. He had known his own long, and successful career. He knew that those opposed to him were fighting bravely for a man whose honesty and honor had ceased to respect and he felt: "I can have no doubt, that the battle would be his. Anxiety may have crossed his mind in the long delay of the arrival of his faithful allies; but he never doubted the result of the day; and he must have known that the greatest battle that the world has ever known, that it was his guiding spirit that would give Europe half a century of peace."

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A Question of Precedence.

I remember writes Colonel Mapleson, once arriving at Dublin with a company which included among its members Mdlle. Salla, who played leading soprano parts, and Mdlle. Anna de Belocca, a Russian lady, who played and sang with distinction the most important parts written for the contralto voice.

Mdlle. Belocca and Mdlle. Salla entered at the same time the best suite of apartments in the hotel; upon which each of them exclaimed: "These rooms will do for me."

"For you?" said Mdlle. Salla. "The prima donna has surely the right of choice, and I have said that I wish to have them."

"Prima donna!" exclaimed Belocca, with a laugh. "There are two prime donna; moi et Patti!"

"You will not have these rooms all the same," continued the soprano.

"We will see about that," returned the contralto.

I was in despair, for it was now a matter of personal dignity. Neither lady would give way to the other. Leaving them for a time together I went downstairs to the hotelkeeper, Mr. Maple, and said to him: "Have you not another suite of rooms as good, or nearly so, as the one for which these ladies are disputing?"

"I have a very good suite of rooms on the second floor," said Maple, "quite as good, I think, as those on the first floor."

The rooms had already been pointed out to Mdlle. de Belocca through the window. But nothing she said, would induce her to go upstairs, were it only a step.

"Come with me, then," I said to Maple. "Mind you don't contradict me; and to begin with, it must be understood that these rooms on the second floor have been specially retained by Lady Spencer."—Lord Spencer was at that time Viceroy of Ireland.—and cannot, on any account, or under any circumstances, be assigned even for a brief time to anyone else.

Maple seized my idea, and followed me upstairs.

"What is the meaning of this?" I said to him, when we were together, in the presence of the two excited vocalists. "Are these the

A Country Song.



For Saturday Night.

The sun had sunk behind the woods
That fringe the sky,
The dewy air was sweet with scent
From meadow's sigh,
The myriad mingled sounds of eve
Came to my ear,
And these among a happy song—
My love drew near.

She came to milk the waiting cows,
Adown the lane,
With modest air and golden hair,
Like ripened grain,
Her brow was white as foaming milk;
She knew no peer,
My heart beat high as she drew nigh,
With joy and fear.

I saw the glad light in her face
To find me there,
For such a smile, for such a heart,
Who would not dare?
Her gentle voice and laughter sweet
I could not hear
Without the thought that I might lose
Her, through my fear.

But ere the rising moon had climbed
The trees above,
With eager words my heart had told
Its tale of love;
Her lips were moist with fragrant dew
And bright her tears—
The kiss that gave her answer killed
My foolish fears.

D. ALEXANDER.

only rooms you have to offer us? They will do for one of the ladies; but whichever accepts them the other must be provided with a set of apartments at least as good."

"I simply have not got them," replied Maple. "There is a charming set of apartments on the floor above, but they are specially retained for the Countess Spencer, and it would be more than my business is worth to let anyone else take possession of them."

At these words Belocca opened her beautiful eyes and seemed to be struck with an idea.

"At least we could see them?" I suggested.

"You could see them," returned Maple, "but that is all."

"Let us go and have a look at them," I said. Maple and myself walked upstairs. Belocca silently followed us. We preferred not to see her, but as soon as the door of the apartments reserved for the Countess Spencer was thrown open the passionate young Muscovite rushed into them, shut the door and locked it, declaring that Lady Spencer must be provided for elsewhere.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Death Highly Improbable.

Little Boy—Say, Dutchy, I'll tell you how to get the flies out of your store.
Dutchy—Vell go ahead and told me.
Get one of those big wire traps with a hole in the top and pour some beer in it. They'll go for the beer and you can catch them all in an hour."

"I guess those flies sthavy. Anything dot lufs his beer has lots to lif fur in dis world.—*Time.*

A Devoted Husband.

"Did Scruggs love his wife?"
"Love her?" I should say he did. Why, he actually left before the game was over, when he heard she was dead, and our side was winning, too."

In Close Quarters.

Long—I wonder if Brown has any trouble since he moved out west. Short. He was continually getting in a tight box when he lived here.

Short—Yes, he has had some trouble. He's in a tight box now, so I was told.
"Indeed!"
"Yes; he's dead and buried."—*Time.*

The Last Dance.

During the occupancy of the city of Moscow by the French army, a party of officers and soldiers determined to have a military levee, and for this purpose chose the deserted palace of a nobleman. That night the city was set on fire. As the sun went down they began to assemble. The gayest and the noblest of the army were there, and merriment reigned over the crowd. During the dance the fire rapidly approached them; they saw it coming but felt no fear. At length the building next to them occupied was on fire. Coming to the window they gazed upon the billows of fire which swept the city, and then returned to their

Long Drawn Out.



Edmond—You look pawstively—but what is th' mattah with th'—th'—
Bloomey—Trowsahs! I left them on me stretchah too long, and it's the only beach-walking palah I've got with me.—*Judge.*

Saved the Baby's Life.

A lady who devotes a great deal of time to charity was last week on one of the New York fresh air excursions for children. Just as the boat was about to pull out, there appeared a poor woman with a babe in her arms.

"Why, your baby is dead," said the physician who was on board.

The infant did indeed look dead, but the lady saw a spark of life. The physician told the woman to take it home, as it would die before the boat was out on hour. The mother wept bitterly.

"Doctor," said the lady, "I want this sick child to go on the excursion. I will take the responsibility."

"But, my dear Madame," added the Esculapius, "we have no death certificate on board and that may make some trouble."

But the lady prevailed, took the ice cold child in her arms, washed it with brandy and water, put on a flannel bandage, gave it brandy and lime-water inwardly, wrapped it in a shawl, took it on deck in the fresh air and prayed to God to spare its life. It slept a few hours, became warmed up and opened its blue eyes. To make a long story short, when the boat got back to the city, the child was feeling much better and the doctor said that with good care it might live.

"Had the child been turned away from the boat," said the happy lady, "it would have died."—*The Epoch.*

Western Railroad.

"Speedwell!" yelled the Western railway superintendent to his assistant, "I see by these dispatches that the overland flyer No. 2 is snow bound at North Fork."

"Yes, sir," was the brisk reply, "I've ordered out the snow-plows."

"Very good. Telegraph the crew that as soon as they open the road I want them to carry a train load of snow to South Pass and dump it on the track. The rails there are melting with the heat."

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dover," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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PROLOGUE.

From out of a cloudless sky a brazen sun poured its fierce rays mercilessly upon the parched earth; there was not the slightest breeze to temper its powerful heat. The roses and briars and all the wealth of the August blossoms drooped languidly; in the close schoolrooms children dozed and panted and strove vainly to force their wearied brains to perform their tasks; in crowded and unventilated workrooms women fainted and sank under the heat. It was a day when exertion of any kind seemed impossible, and when the gradual darkening of the sky was welcomed with unfeigned joy by man and beast.

The storm threatened long before it broke. The sky had been gradually darkening, and the sultriness had seemed to increase. The hiding of the sun behind the black clouds would have been a relief had not the heat grown more and more oppressive.

The heavy storm-clouds which had threatened so long burst just as the train had reached the summit of the steep incline upon which it had been climbing, and making its way across the wide expanse of heather-covered moor which stretched around it on every side, its surface broken occasionally by a house or cottage.

There was a terrific flash of lightning which lighted up the sky with vivid splendour, a prolonged peal of thunder, and then the rain came down in a straight heavy downpour.

Most of the passengers in the train—they were not many—drew a long breath of relief as the welcome rain began to fall, cooling the close heavy atmosphere which had prevailed during the greater part of the day. Even on the moor there had not been a breath of air stirring, they told each other; but the rain, which was a freshness and relief from the intense heat, which all the travelers had found exceedingly trying.

In one of the third-class carriages a young girl had fainted, and sat with her head against the shoulder of one of her fellow-travelers, a comely middle-aged woman, who had been loud in her expressions of pity at her companion's indisposition. The fainting girl was reviving now, and was turning her languid eyes and pallid face gratefully upon the open window and the refreshing rain. The color was slowly returning to her pale cheeks, while the woman who had so kindly succored her in her illness was volubly expressing her thanks to the only other occupant of the compartment, who had come to the rescue with a flask of brandy, a little of which had been decidedly beneficial to the patient. The flask was of silver, richly chased, and it certainly seemed a rather too expensive object to be in the possession of its rough-looking owner.

He was a middle-aged man, carelessly dressed, but seemed to imply that he had seen better days. His face was lined and seamed with hard living and dissipation; his hair was thinning, and he had a look of the worn and weary man who has seen his better days. He was looking at the fainting girl, and his glance was shifting and furtive, his manner restless and uneasy. He had shown some kindness to the fainting girl, but he had not appeared so much alarmed by her sudden illness as many other men would have been.

"I doubt you've got a wife of your own, master," said the woman, as she gave him back his flask. "You seem used to women's ways." The man looked at her for a moment and laughed rather strangely.

"Yes," he said, in a gruff voice, which had, however, a certain refinement of tone and accent. "I have a wife, sure enough." "Delicate, maybe, to fainting like?" his chatty fellow-traveler suggested.

He laughed again, and a queer expression came into his bearded eyes.

"Not delicate, certainly!" he replied, with a sneer. "But she's a fainting woman." He laughed once more, and then turned away his face, as if to put an end to the conversation. The woman took the hint, and gave all her attention to her companion, who was well enough now to utter a few words of thanks for her kindness.

The rain fell, the lightning flashed, the thunder echoed over the hills; the sultry August day was drawing to a close, and the light. The air was cooler now, but one traveler, who occupied a first-class compartment, was as indifferent to the change in the atmosphere as he had been to the intense heat which had preceded it and to the thunder and lightning and rain.

He was a tall, thin, handsome man between forty and fifty, dressed with scrupulous care and precision. He was alone in the compartment, and he had been closely occupied all through the journey with some legal-looking documents which he had taken from a small black bag on which were the initials "C. A." He had not suffered his attention to stray from them during the hours which had elapsed since the train started, but had sat there with calm undivided attention. He had made sundry notes on the margins in a fine, rather peculiar handwriting; he had sorted his papers as calm as if he had been at his own writing-table in his office at Lincoln's Inn.

He had completed his task, and had gathered his belongings together with a certain air of precision which seemed natural to him, and was leaning back on the cushioned seat with a thoughtful expression on his clever and handsome face, when a sudden and terrible jolt of the train flung him down so violently that for a few minutes he lay stunned where he had fallen, while the carriage shook and oscillated with the violence of the shock. Recovering his senses, he managed to rise, but sank down upon the seat again, having not quite overcome the stunning effect of his fall. The next moment he had risen to his feet, staggering slightly still, for the carriage was not yet quite steady.

"There must have been a collision!" he said, half aloud, as he managed to open the door of the compartment with a railway key which he carried; for the door had been locked by an obsequious guard anxious to secure privacy for a passenger whom he knew and whose liberality he had proved more than once.

As the traveler stepped out of the carriage, it seemed as if the air was suddenly filled with cries, exclamations, shrieks, and groans; and for a moment even the calm, cool-headed lawyer hesitated, as if inclined to return to the seclusion and privacy of his carriage; but his better nature prevailed. He was unhurt, and others had not been so fortunate and were injured; he must endeavor to do what he could for them; at such a time all assistance was valuable.

A terrible and almost overwhelming sight met him. Within a stone's throw was the station, and around it a picturesque little town with quaint red roofs glowing in the twilight. The sky was clear and placid now; for the storm was over, leaving its purifying and refreshing influence behind. The landscape on every side was calm, serene, and beautiful; but the lawyer stood in the midst of destruction, desolation, and death. For a time he was only aware that a terrible disaster had occurred; afterwards he learned how the accident had been brought about.

By some terrible fatality a goods train leaving the station had dashed into the express. Some of the carriages were wrecked and overturned; the engines had run off the lines, and one lay overturned upon the grassy embankment. All the foremost carriages were lying in a heap of ruin; the one in which the lawyer had traveled and those behind it had escaped, and their inmates were only severely shaken; of the travelers in the foremost portion of the wrecked train there were few who had escaped

without serious injury, and to one or two death had come in this sudden awful guise. For a few moments the composure even of this cool-headed traveler failed him at the fearful sights and sounds; but he recovered himself, and with a deep sense of thankfulness, hurried forward, and was soon rendering what assistance he could to the terrified travelers, and seconding, with prompt foresight, the endeavors of the railway officials.

Help was near at hand and immediately forthcoming. In an incredibly short space of time the medical men of the town and a band of nurses from the hospital were on the spot, giving their tender and efficient aid. But the disaster was a terrible one, and the shrieks of hysterical women and the groans of wounded men rose to the sky as the train was being moved from the scene of the disaster.

From one group of three persons close to the wrecked train no sound proceeded, although suffering life as well as silent death were there. It consisted of two women and one man, who had been removed from the debris of one of the wrecked third-class carriages and then placed upon a strip of grassy earth close by. One of the women—the younger—lay motionless in a death-like swoon, with her head on the lap of the other, who was still taking one of the shaken. She was a stout, middle-aged woman, pale and startled now, and too unnerfed to do anything but sit quite still with the tears rolling down her cheeks. The man lay near them motionless and dead, his head and arms spread in a hasty handkerchief over his face. After a while examination, the surgeon had pronounced him dead.

Beside the dead body the station-master and the railway first-class travel "society" stood for a few moments; then the latter spoke in grave lowered tones.

"Yes; this is the person I mean, he said. "He is quite dead, you say?"

"He is quite dead, sir; the injuries to the head were terrible—he was killed instantly." "Ah, well, he leaves no one behind him to regret so sudden a termination to an ill-spent life!" said the lawyer calmly. "I know him; and if you will give me any papers he may have about him, I will take charge of them. You can trust me, Mr. Brown."

"Yes, sir, certainly," replied the station-master promptly, only too anxious to oblige the man of law, without reflecting that he had no right to part with any papers which might be found on the body. "And—"

"He said he had a wife," put in a low steady voice; and, starting, they turned and saw that the middle-aged woman had overheard them.

The traveler's keen eyes rested upon her face with a searching look.

"We were in the same carriage," she went on tremulously. "This poor girl fainted from the heat; and he gave her some brandy for her. A lovely fellow he had too, solid silver, because I saw the mark upon it, and I was in service once and knew it; and he said then that he had a wife."

A strange expression crossed the lawyer's handsome face. He was still very pale; but he had recovered his composure, and exhibited no sign of excitement or distress.

"Yes, he had a wife," he said quietly. "Most true! I happen to know her very well; and I will take upon myself to inform her that she is a widow now."

"Ah, poor soul!" said the woman, with a sob—"she is a widow now!"

"Yes," returned the lawyer, repeating the words calmly, but with some probably unconscious emphasis—"she is a widow; but she will not lose much by her death. You, like myself, he continued more kindly, as he gazed upon the woman's face, "seem to have been successful in preserving from injury, and have great cause for thankfulness."

"That is so," she said tremulously. "Not but what I'm all of a tremble like and shaking in every limb."

"No doubt it was a terrible shock," he replied quietly; "but others have pain as well as the shock to bear. This poor girl—glancing at the woman's fainting companion—"has not been so fortunate as we have been."

"She is not hurt, sir," he looking down tenderly at the white face which was taking one of the limp hands in hers; "she has only fainted." "It looks like a very deep swoon," he rejoined. "I will send a doctor to you if one can be spared from the more serious cases. Were you going far from here?"

"No, sir—only to the next station; I shall be able to go on by-and-by."

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" he asked.

"Thank you kindly, sir," she answered gratefully. "I have telegraphed to my husband, and he will come to me, I dare say."

"It is a sad experience; but I hope you will be none the worse."

"Thank you, sir, you're kind, I'm sure," replied the woman. "Things like this bring rich and poor together."

"Yes," he said quietly; "you are right—they do."

He lingered talking to her, although the station-master had left them. It almost seemed as if the motionless form with the face decently covered with a white handkerchief had some strange fascination for him; for he glanced at her from time to time, and looked at it long and steadily before he turned away. Involuntarily the eyes of the woman to whom he had been talking glanced at it also, and she shuddered.

"She is a widow now," she said to herself, as the tears rolled down her cheeks. "But there—perhaps it is all for the best."

The same thought was in the mind of the man who had spoken to her so kindly as he moved away, and amid all the horror of the scene, a cynical smile curled his lip for a moment.

"She is a widow now," he was thinking. "Poor wretch—such a fate as makes one feel inclined to put faith in the proverb that curses, like chickens, always come home to roost."

Notwithstanding his calm temperament and the activity he displayed in rendering assistance to the injured travelers, the lawyer declared himself too much shaken to continue his journey that evening. He sent sundry telegrams to different people; and that night he and his black and white dog, a quiet, well-furnished inn far from the station. The accommodation being but limited and the demands upon it unusually great owing to the accident, he was unable to obtain a sitting-room; but the bedroom assigned to him was large and airy, and there was a writing-table, before which he was soon seated, with his black bag well in evidence and his papers strewn about him; and from his impassive demeanor, it would have been impossible to suppose that he had recently gone through so terrible an experience.

Late that night, as he sat there composed and busy, a small packet was brought to him from the station-master. He opened it, and found a greasy pocket book containing soiled and worn papers, which he glanced over apparently without much interest. Among them, however, was one as yet ungreased and spotless—and at this he looked long and steadily. It was a check for a large amount on a well-known London banker, signed with a name as well known in the commercial world as the banker's own. There was no fire in the grate on this sultry August night; but there were candles burning on the table at which he sat. He twisted the check with his fingers and held it to the flame of one of the candles until it was burned and nothing but a little powdery ash remained, which he blew away carelessly, and which disappeared in a moment, leaving nothing behind.

CHAPTER I.

During the sunshine and the storm, the snow and the rain, the fair weather and the foul of four hundred years ago, the gray old house of Eyncourt had reared its stately head to heaven, and, save for the deepening color of its stone and the growth of the great trees around, and of the ivy which climbed over it in such picturesque figure against the massive architecture of the stately old pile.

It stood amid dense woods in one of the loveliest of the Midland counties; it was silent and solitary and sombre, if not gloomy, and there was something grave about its statelyness—something mournful about its beauty. For it was beautiful as well as stately. The walls had been built at a time when master masons worked for love of their art and when jerry-builders were unknown; and there was carving which the doors and heavily-mullioned windows which delighted antiquaries. Within there were dim, beautiful historic rooms and picturesque oak-paneled apartments, with fine specimens of stained glass, ancient tapestry, antique silver, and brasses and crystals and china, and shining oaken floors black with age, over which Stanley Gerant's little high-heeled shoes sped lightly; there were great carved mantelpieces under which, in the winter-time, long logs blazed so cheerily that the fair young mistress of the house could not decide whether she loved her old home best when the snow lay lightly on the bare trees and the lake was frozen over and the huge fires were so pleasant, or when the great wide hall was empty save for the bow-pots of flowers and ferns.

It was summer time, and there was sunshine in the leafy woods and the flowers in the parterres glowed like jewels; the turf on the antique silver, and brasses and crystals and china, and shining oaken floors black with age, over which Stanley Gerant's little high-heeled shoes sped lightly; there were great carved mantelpieces under which, in the winter-time, long logs blazed so cheerily that the fair young mistress of the house could not decide whether she loved her old home best when the snow lay lightly on the bare trees and the lake was frozen over and the huge fires were so pleasant, or when the great wide hall was empty save for the bow-pots of flowers and ferns.

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Lola had come for rest and refreshment after the fatigues of a London season; but already she found Eyncourt rather dull; and it was rather irritating to discover that Stanley was perfectly happy in the absence of all gaiety and excitement.

It is all very well," she was saying pettishly, as she leaned back in her gilded chair, a bright-blue picturesque figure against the sombre gray and green, like a flower transplanted from the flower-garden beyond—"Eyncourt is charming now; but all the year is not summer. It must be awfully dull here in the winter; and a girl so young and so rich as you are, Stanley, could have such a lovely time in town!"

"Oh, spare me! I have tried it, Lola mine," answered Stanley gaily. "I found it dreadfully wanting!"

"That is because all your notions are so old-fashioned," said Miss Bateman energetically. "You would have suited the Middle Ages, Stanley; you would have led a crusade or defended Eyncourt against the Roundheads like one of your ancestors; but your notions are utterly out of date in this nineteenth century."

"They are poor things, but mine own," rejoined her cousin, laughing. "I am quite satisfied to be old-fashioned, Lola; I am very happy here."

"A beauty and an heiress like you ought to have had the world at your feet!" declared Miss Bateman.

"That would have been pleasant for me and for the world!" said Stanley, laughing merrily. "I am sorry you find it dull, Lola," she added, glancing across at her cousin; "but we shall be gay next month when the house-party assembles."

"That is consoling," returned Lola. "I feel just now like that heroine of Shakespeare's who said, 'There are no men to conquer in this world—that makes my only woe.' I forget her name." Lola continued pensively; but she would have sympathized with each other.

Stanley's lip curled slightly. She and her pretty cousin had not much in common. Although she was fond of Lola, Sir Humphrey's young heiress was sometimes a little impatient when Lola was more than usually frivolous.

"I think Eyncourt never seemed so lovely to me as when I came back from London," she said somewhat irrelevantly. "Life is charming here; there is a money and vulgar."

"Life is not life here—it is vegetation!" interposed Lola, putting.

"Poor Lola! You are not very courteous to the home of your mother's girlhood!"

"Oh, it is beautiful, of course, and grand, and all that sort of thing," Lola answered vaguely, "but it is also melancholy and sleepy! Are there no men in these parts, Stanley?"

She sat up in her gilded chair as she put the question, and looked at her cousin with an eager gaze which made Miss Gerant laugh outright.

"I think you have seen them all, Lola," she said.

"All?" A couple of curates, Mr. Percival and the Rector's son, who is reading for the Bar! Do those make the sum total, Stanley? What poverty!"

"Have you not seen Mr. Cameron?" asked Stanley, with scarcely perceptible hesitation.

"Cameron?" echoed Lola. "What Cameron? Do you mean Hugh Cameron, the son of the great ship-owner?"

Stanley's lip tightened a little.

"Yes; Mr. Cameron is a ship-owner. I believe, but I don't think 'great' is quite the right adjective, Lola," she said coldly. "He has bought Braceport, Lord Oldcastle's place, and its purchase has made him a neighbor of ours."

"And Hugh Cameron is here?" Lola exclaimed delightedly. "What a piece of good fortune! You know him, of course? I have not—delightful—the 'eligible,' par excellence of the last season? Does he often come to Eyncourt? Stanley, ask him to dinner, like a love! Of course—she paused for a moment, looking rather keenly at her cousin—"you know the other?"

"Oh, yes!" Stanley's voice was perfectly calm, and only a very keen observer would have seen that the color had faded slightly in her face. "We—father and I—called on Lady Sara; and Mr. Cameron has been here once or twice. Father likes him very much. Ah—"

With an exclamation of relief—"here is tea—it will rouse you, Lola!"

But all Miss Bateman's dulness seemed to have vanished; she looked eager and animated, although she forebore any remark until the servants had retired after putting the wicker-table by Stanley, who turned to it and gave her attention to the quaint old silver kettle singing cheerily over its spirit-lamp.

"And you," said Lola eagerly—"did you like him? He is run after, I assure you! He will be very rich, you know—and he is so handsome! Every one raves about him in London!"

Stanley let the enthusiastic words pass unnoticed; her face was slightly turned from her cousin, so Lola did not see how her lip curled. "He would be a splendid match," continued Lola; "he is an only son, you know, and he could marry any one. There is no thought of plebeian birth where he is concerned. If his father's in business, his mother is an earl's daughter; and I heard papa say Mr. Cameron would be made a baronet before the year was over; so that would make his position quite unassailable."

"Would it?" queried Stanley, with a slight sneer. "I do not see how. Nobility cannot be conferred; it must be inherited."

"Oh, your notions are as utterly out of date as last season's toilettes!" Hugh Cameron might have said to the highest family in England and no one would consider it a *mezzogiorno*.

"Perhaps not," Stanley answered quietly, "because his nobility, it may be, is in himself. Here is your tea, Lola."

Her heart was beating faster than usual as she rose to give her cousin her tea. Lola looked at her rather keenly; but there was no tell-tale color in her face to betray that the subject had any special interest to her, and Lola did not know that Stanley grew pale when other women colored. The little London beauty put out her hand to take her cup of tea; but, before she could do so, she uttered a cry of delight.

"Oh, here is uncle Humphrey and—yes—it is Hugh Cameron! And—Oh, Stanley, how awkward! Was it your fault or mine?"

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Mr. John Carrick (who had personally attended to the stores, etc., and who was to join us later) and a few friends gave us a hearty send off as we backed out of the slip and headed for the Queen's Wharf with flying colors.

In running out past the Island we overtook the yacht Merl, with Capt. McMurchy at the stick, there being a brisk breeze from the westward, she with all sails drawing and well trimmed was making good time on her way to Niagara, where we were also bound.

Later on we saw the yachts of the R.C.Y.C. laying their courses for Port Dalhousie, in close competition for the club prizes.

After a pleasant run over we made Niagara at 6.30, finding in port Mr. Albert Golderham's fine steam yacht Abeona. Shortly after Mr. Golderham's stately Oriole came in, followed by the Cygnets and Merl.

The usual Saturday night hop at the Queen's Royal hotel was fairly patronised by the yachtsmen, after which, on returning on board, the evening closed with a forward deck concert, on the Abeona, which was much appreciated by our crew.

Sunday, August 4.—Left Niagara at 7 a.m., and ran into Olcott, stopping a short time to see the village, and at 2.30 p.m. leaving for Charlotte, where we arrived at 8.10. The run down was pleasant but uneventful. Charlotte was at its best, the usual exodus from Rochester, filling every available resort with pleasure seekers. The hotels, lawns, flower beds, etc., are excellently kept, indeed all the appointments are A. 1, and an agreeable surprise to those of our party who are here for the first time.

Mr. McLaughlin was obliged to leave us for home to-day, much to our regret, but with a promise to rejoin the party later.

Monday, August 5.—Left Charlotte at 4 p.m. Weather, fair; wind, N.W. and rather a heavy sea running, but the yacht made splendid going, and was comparatively steady, with staysail and mainsail set. The crew having found their sea legs, were not troubled in the least, and have, fortunately turned out good sailors, taking their grog with good appetites and making no contributions to the l-bes. At 7 p.m. the Canadian shore was visible, and shortly after Long Point light loomed up, the sea went down, steam was increased and the yacht rushed on at racing pace, light after light, and point after point being left behind, till at 1 a.m. we tied up at Swift's dock, at Kingston, and wet our whistles.

Tuesday, August 6.—The morning was taken up with putting in fresh stores, coaling, etc. At 1.45 p.m. we start down the river for Clayton, arriving at 3.25, and are joined by Messrs. G. M. Skinner, S. D. Johnston and Mr. Ellis—old river friends—the two former gentlemen continuing with us to the Bay, where we arrive at 5.40, making the run in fifty minutes. Mr. Thos. McIlroy, Jr., was a welcome guest for the run from Kingston to the Bay: he was looking for a man named Mahoola who he was told wanted to buy hose; he didn't find him however. Our crew have now become accustomed to the yacht, and well acquainted with each other's peculiarities. A cruise will make the most retired disposition open out: our fellows make the most of one's special hobby by good natured rivalry, to the great amusement of the crew and our visitors. Nicknames have been distributed with due regard to fitness or in remembrance of some amusing performance or mishap of the recipients. We have had many such absurd events constantly occurring and later on may give a sample or two if space permits. Dinner being over at seven o'clock, most of the crew prepared for the hop at the Thousand Island House, while the balance did the honors on board to our visitors, who expressed their admiration of our boat and her appointments. The evening closed with the usual social concert in the forward cabin, at which the old-time songs were received with much enthusiasm by our Clayton and Thousand Island friends, in memory of the old Condor party, and with regrets that they were not on the river this season. The kid goes to sleep again, he is either noisy or asleep, thank goodness he is generally asleep.

Wednesday, August 7.—8.15 a.m. finds us on our way to Prescott with Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Cox, Mr. J. B. Fitzsimons and Mr. McKillop as guests. The day being delightfully bright, and cool enough to be comfortable, was very enjoyable. On the river you salute everything in passing, and get a prompt response from every craft capable of making a signal: the crew take a personal interest in calling the captain's attention to all such; the whistle therefore is kept constantly going as we fly along, but Huckleberry is not satisfied with this courtesy salute, and has borrowed all the pocket whistles we can beg from the crew, and seated in the bow, blows a little piecey salute on his own hook, the crew are willing he should use up his surplus wind on strangers, as then we get a rest. Arrive at Prescott 11.15—stopping two hours, have lunch on board, Captain Morgan of the Niagara, being of the party. At 2.03 p.m. we return, calling at Brockville for Toronto papers, procuring which we continue on for the bay and tie up at the Thousand Island dock, its use being kindly tendered us by Mr. Lee, the manager. This has been a most delightful day and a continual surprise to those of our crew who are making their first visit to the Islands.

While at the dock at Prescott a few fishing lines were rigged out, and several fine bass hooked, Mrs. Fred Cox attaining first honors, under the able guidance of that veteran fisherman, Nitchie; this small start has brought on the fever and all go fishing to-morrow.

The dancing contingent were participants in an evening in a pleasant German and quiet supper party at the hotel, all enjoying it thoroughly, but the stuff they did talk when

they returned to the boat. Signs of infatuation are becoming visible, and the captain will have difficulty when the time comes, to tear his crew away from their several anchors. We are inclined to think he has a kedge out himself.

Thursday, August 8—Fishing Day.—We leave at 9 a.m. and run down the river about 12 miles and anchor,—Mrs. Cox and Mrs. McIlroy in addition as guests. Excellent sport was had; a delightful day passed, and we attain the honor of displaying the largest catch of the day on the fish table in front of the hotel, but anyone can tell a fish story, so call down.

Friday, August 9—Ladies' Day.—Mr. John Carrick arrived to-day, much to the delight of the crew. The said crew hold that its being ladies' day was more than we could resist. Left the Bay at 9 a.m. with the following ladies on board: Miss Sohen, Miss Cady, Miss Adams, Miss Leventritt, the Misses Sinott, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Dwight, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Hyatt, Mrs. and Miss Breukneff and the Misses Southgate, under whose charge the party was and to whom all are indebted for a most charming day. The yacht was run up the river to the foot of Wolfe Island, and crossing to the Canadian Channel was taken down between the islands to below the Bay and returned in American Channel—a well chosen and picturesque route and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Huckleberry has again got into trouble, anxious to make himself useful. He loses three pails overboard trying to get water, and punches a hole in another with the lead trying to recover it. What does he want with the water anyway?—he never drinks any. The air, Dad's Dinner Pail, has attained popularity aboard now. Huck wonders why! He'll find out when the captain misses those pails next time we swab decks.

Saturday, August 10, 9 a.m.—Trip to Clayton and Kingston, guests, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. McIlroy, Miss E. Southgate, Mrs. Strauss, Mrs. Skinner and Miss Wilson. All the party did the Limestone City thoroughly and returning, had a pleasant half hour at Clayton, arriving home, (as we call the bay), in time for a hearty dinner at 6.30, attended the hop at the hotel after and ended our first week pleasantly, sorry only that it was over. It's amusing how the crew hunt in couples. Here we will call the nick-names to do duty and save blushes.

The Farmer and the Miller's Friend are boon companions, the friendship dating from the moment the latter "bust up the combination" of the Washstand "never to go again," etc. The Blonde and Brunette, Ned and Ted, who do the society news for the party in the forward cabin, when the others would sleep. Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn who do nothing much beyond getting in each other's way, the first with a book he doesn't read and the latter with a puzzle no one wants to solve. The captain and first officer; but they are too deep for us to fathom, they are probably learning the river, they cast their lines in pleasant places assuredly. The Baby and George, who have developed an alarming taste for cottage architecture and have we understand consulted the commodore in reference thereto. The steward and papa—this is the most sensible syndicate of all—the steward consults papa as to what he would like for dinner, and papa consults the steward as to what there is going to be for dinner—both keep posted, the steward tries to buy food that will fill papa up and save expense, but finds that plan a dismal failure, and asked the captain to order papa to bed for a day to give the larder time to catch up and lend tone to the entertainment.

Sunday, August 11.—Yacht remained at dock all day. The morning passed agreeably receiving and returning visits. Mr. Thos. Flynn joined the party this morning, he and the commodore chum at once, another couple in harmony. Attended divine service at Pullman's Island in the afternoon. Retired early as we were to go fishing on the morrow! All except the Kid who, for some insane reason, kept bleating Mahoola! Mahoola! Mahoola! till we could put up with it no longer and he was promptly sat on.

Monday, August 12—Fishing Day.—Guests, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. McIlroy, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Stewart, Miss Bethel, and Miss E. Southgate. Weather, dull with occasional showers; sport, but "so, so," a fair, ordinary catch, nothing more. One of our party hooked a good-sized maskinonge, but not being used to that kind of fish, or afraid of the ordeal of telling his Toronto friends the fish story necessary to arrive at the correct weight of the beauty, failed to land him. Indeed his companion said that if the fish was brought into the boat, he was going out—as Bob says: "This beats farming!"

When fishing gets dull, the steward brings out his patent corkscrew and catches a sucker. You do not want to fall foul of that same corkscrew, as many a one has on the river. If you do not know the combination, you might as well try to move the pyramids of Egypt, as the cork from a bottle, and will come to the same conclusion as the steward, that your head is like them self same pyramids, much bulk and little brain. What am I saying, Micky!

Tuesday, August 13—Ladies' Day.—Papa doing the honors—a trip to Brockville—leaving the bay at 9 a.m., doing the town under the guidance of Hon. C. F. Fraser.

Returning, arrived at the bay at 3 p.m. In the afternoon made a trip to Round Island and spent a pleasant hour at Hotel Frontenac, making an engagement to return Wednesday afternoon and remain over night for the hop.

Wednesday, August 14.—The day opened with a heavy rain storm from the east, clearing, however, towards noon. Messrs. McCuaig, Mainwaring, Roberts and Flynn left us to return by mail boat. 'Twas like pulling teeth to have them go; the steward, however, said that now he felt he might get a rest, Papa being among the party going. "Captain, you have no idea of the tribulation I have been in, trying to satisfy that man's hunger; 'twould be the death of him to have the lock jaw."

Left the bay for Round Island at 2 p.m., and at 3.30 took out a large party of ladies, going up past Clayton to foot of Wolf Island, and, as the weather threatened rain again, returned early, and it was lucky we did, for our guests had no more than reached the hotel when down came the rain, a perfect deluge. It cleared again, however, after dinner and at nine o'clock was pleasant.

The hop in the evening was a great success,

it being a special one the numerous island homes in the vicinity were largely represented, our own party making quite a good showing and certainly entering into the spirit and enjoyment of the evening with the greatest zest, and, thanks to the kind attention of Messrs. W. M. Kerr and Mr. Frank P. Dennison, were well favored with partners.

Thursday, August 15.—Left Round Island for the Bay at 10 a.m., and at 2 p.m. ran back to Clayton, arriving there at 3 p.m., stopping an hour, ran down to Round Island, spending another hour there, ran on to the Bay, arriving at 6.45—Mr. Horatio Nelson of Toronto calling on us shortly after. The hop finished the evening. Took leave of Mr. Skinner here, but hope to meet him in town during the Exhibit on week.

Friday, August 16.—Had photograph of yacht taken this morning, and at 11.30 started on our return home, much to our regret, and, we may safely say, to the regret of the many friends we leave behind in Alexandria Bay. Everything possible to make our stay pleasant has been done by the Bay people, and we shall ever remember our short sojourn with them with feelings of gratitude and the wish that we may be permitted to return in some measure, in our own faircity, the great kindnesses shown us. Round Island and Clayton, too, have secured a warm corner in our hearts, and have our best thanks for their kindness and hospitality. We arrive at Round Island at 12.10 p.m., and in the afternoon play baseball with some of the guests of the hotel, who do us up in fine style; we reluctantly came to the conclusion that as a crew we have no use for baseball. We show to better advantage at the farwell hop in the evening. We gave Mr. Thos. Troy (who has shown us many kindnesses) a send-off this afternoon. He won't forget the cheer for many a day, or we him and his kind ways to all.

Saturday, August 17.—Having said our good-byes over night, at 5 a.m. we cast off the lines, and are fairly on our way to Kingston, where we arrived at 7.15, leaving again at 10.45 via the Bay of Quinte, en route for the newly opened Murray canal, after a delightful run, well repaying us for the altering of our home-ward course, we made Deseronto at 3.03 p.m.—distance from Kingston 55 miles—average speed 13 miles an hour. Left Deseronto at 3.37 and arrived at the canal at 6.30, passing through by courtesy of the superintendent, reached Brighton 8.15 and tied up for night.

Sunday, August 18.—Left Brighton for Cobourg at 9.15 a.m., arriving there 12 noon, where we expected the Commodore to rejoin us for the run of the lake. On going ashore, however, we learn that he unfortunately could not leave business in time to catch us. We therefore start on our last run as soon as possible, at 12.40 have cleared the piers and 1.15 sees us abreast of Port Hope; sighted the Island 5.45, and at 7.15 pass the lighthouse; 7.30 Queen's Wharf, and tie up at our own dock at 7.40, and received a hearty welcome from the Commodore and Mr. R. W. Elliot who drove down from their club to be first to greet us.

Home again all safe and sound not so much as a scratch on the yacht, or a bruise on any of us. The boat behaved admirably in all weathers, kept her steam, and gained it even when we were so occasionally and occasionally challenged by the smart craft on the river. We did not claim to beat them all but though not seeking it, took a hint when offered and succeeded in each instance in showing a clean pair of heels; we have not lost our equal yet and have quite a reputation on the river as a goer and deservedly so. The comfort of the yacht's appointments were thoroughly enjoyed by our crew and the kindness and thoughtful care shown us by the captain and his officers will ever have our grateful appreciation, nothing was spared that could help to make our trip pleasant and we part to-night with the hearty wish "when the good ship Viola takes her next cruise to the Islands, may we be of her good company."

Our last picture of Alexandria Bay is from the deck of the yacht and takes in the aft companion way, where may be seen in abject misery, the Baby and the Brunette, softly singing as follows:

As slow our vessel's dusky track,
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear Isle we're leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
And all the links that bind us;
We'll turn our hearts where'er we roam,
To the girls we left behind us.

Their convalescence will be fully established about the beginning of the next cruise—Viola! Viola! you have much to answer for. The kid is snoring now; don't wake him, for the "turf fire" is burning low.

For Europe
Mr. A. F. Webster, general steamship agent, reports the following passengers booked from Toronto this week for Europe: Miss Florence Marshall, Miss E. Marshall, Mr. Alexander Dupree, Miss Dickie, Mr. E. Meades, Mr. Arthur Meades, Miss Lizzie Meades, Miss Alice Meades, Mr. E. J. Meades, Mr. Meades and wife, Mr. E. J. Edmonds, Mr. A. E. Addcock, Mr. Robert Gill, Mrs. Gill, Mr. E. E. Pettu, Mr. J. McCaffery, Mr. C. Somers, Mr. F. Somers, Mrs. Aitchison, Miss Scott, Miss Keele, Mrs. Rolis, Master Rolis, Mr. Jackson and Miss Jackson.

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Births.
CHICK—On August 10, at Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Chick—a son, still-born.
CHALCRAFT—On August 14, at Toronto, Mrs. W. E. Chalcraft—a daughter.
DESOYAN—On August 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Allan M. Desoyan—a daughter.
JEX—On July 21, at Toronto, Mrs. W. C. Jex—a son.
KANSFORD—On August 13, at Clinton, Mrs. John Kansford—a son.
TAYLOR—On August 4, at Toronto, Mrs. G. T. Taylor—a daughter.
CASSIDY—On August 8, at Long Branch, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy—a daughter.
WARDE—On August 12, at Toronto, Mrs. J. D. Warde—a daughter.
MURNEY—On August 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Walter C. Murney—a son.
JAMIESON—On August 18, at East Rosedale, Mrs. P. Jamieson—a daughter.
DYKES—On August 18, at Toronto, Mrs. Philip Dykes—a daughter.
WILLIAMS—On August 18, at Park Hill, Mrs. Esten Williams of Toronto—a son.
SILCOX—On August 19, at Brighton, Mrs. John D. Silcox—a son.
TAYLOR—On August 20, at Township of Hope, Mrs. S. O. Taylor—twin daughters.
BURNS—On August 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Douglas A. Burns—a daughter.
BURNHAM—On August 18, at Toronto, Mrs. Herbert Burnham—a son.
BLATHERWICK—On August 19, at Hamilton, Mrs. J. H. Blatherwick—a daughter.
LOUNT—On August 19, at Brantford, Mrs. George W. Lount—a son, still-born.
LEONARD—On August 18, at Peterborough, Mrs. C. J. Leonard—a son.
PORTEOUS—On August 17, at Kingston, Mrs. Chas. E. Porteous—a daughter.
VIVIAN—On August 4, at Cardiff, South Wales, Mrs. F. A. Vivian—a daughter.
KLEIN—On August 19, at Toronto, Mrs. E. E. Klein—a son.

Marriages.
CASSIDY-RICHARDSON—On August 7, at Toronto, W. E. Cassidy to Miss E. Richardson, all of Toronto.
LEE-JOHNSTON—On July 25, at Toronto, Alex. D. Lee to Lizzie Johnston, all of Toronto.
CLARK-FRALK—On August 19, at Toronto, S. H. Clark of Toronto, to Annie M. Fralk of Kingston, Ont.
CLIFTON-BUTTER—On August 14, at Niagara Falls, Ont., Harry P. Clifton to Helen Wallace Butter.
CUTHBERTSON-MCLEOD—On August 21, at Toronto, Wm. G. Cuthbertson to Nellie McLeod.
SHIELDS-SPACKMAN—On August 14, at Toronto, Jos. E. Shields to Hattie E. Spackman.
SMITH-ROSS—On August 13, at Orillia, R. A. Smith of Newmarket to Ella Ross.
SNIDER-WEIR—On August 20, at Toronto, R. Oscar Snider to Annie Weir.

Deaths.
BOWEN—On August 15, at Toronto, Arthur Cummings Bowen, aged 5 years.
GIVINS—On August 15, at Toronto, Elizabeth Givins, aged 71 years.
JOHNSTON—On August 13, at Bosque County, Texas, U. S. Hugh Johnston of Goderich, Ont., aged 75 years.
SMEDLEY—On August 14, at Toronto, William Smedley, aged 50 years.
BYRNE—On August 10, at Toronto, William Byrne, aged 19 years.
BLEASDELL—On August 10, at Trenton, Rev. William Bleasde, M. A., aged 72 years.
LYNDE—On August 13, at Whitby, Warner Lynde, aged 77 years.
FAIRLEY—On August 14, at Toronto, Irene, the infant daughter of James R. and Minnie B. Fairley.
WELLINGTON—On August 15, at Toronto, Marion Irene Wellington, aged 2 years.
ELLIS—At Niagara Falls, Ont., on August 17, T. F. Ellis.
EMERSON—On August 15, at Toronto, Alex. Emerson, aged 69 years.
BROWNING—On August 19, Mrs. Ann Browning, aged 69 years.
DREWRY—On August 15, at Trenton, A. H. Drewry, aged 32 years.
PECK—On August 17, at Shelbourne, Ogle R. Peck of Toronto, aged 35 years.
ANDREWS—On August 20, Mrs. W. G. Andrews, aged 39 years.
LAWRIE—On August 20, at Toronto, Robert Francis, infant son of Justus and Lillian Lawrie.
NEALON—On August 20, at Toronto, James Nealon, aged 40 years.
McLELLAN—On August 20, at King township, York county, Archibald McCallum, aged 79 years.
REDDICK—On August 15, at Port Hope, Olive Agnes, infant daughter of David and Agnes B. Reddick.
FERGUSON—On August 18, at Fergus, Mrs. George Douglas Ferguson, aged 45 years.
MELVILLE—On August 20, at Collingwood, Andrew Melville, aged 68 years.
PATERSON—On August 19, at Walkerton, Sybilla Catherine McLean, infant daughter of J. C. Patterson.
CLARK—On July 23, near Turtle Mountain, Dakota, Mrs. John Clark, aged 31 years.
DILLON—On August 5, at Sleaford, England, Mrs. R. Dillon.
McNAUGHTON—On August 16, at Newcastle, Ont., Mrs. Andrew McNaughton, aged 69 years.
LEONARD—On August 22, at Toronto, infant son of J. W. and E. Leonard.
CALNA—On August 16, at Parry Sound, John Alexander, infant son of John G. Calna.
RAMSAY—On August 21, at Toronto, Mrs. James Ramsay.
MCLEOD—On August 19, at Hamilton, John McLeod, aged 70 years.
RICHARDS—On August 19, at Pittsburgh, Pa., Sarah Catherine Richards, aged 14 years.

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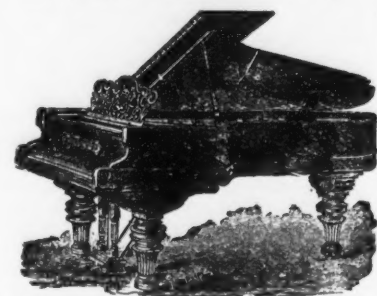
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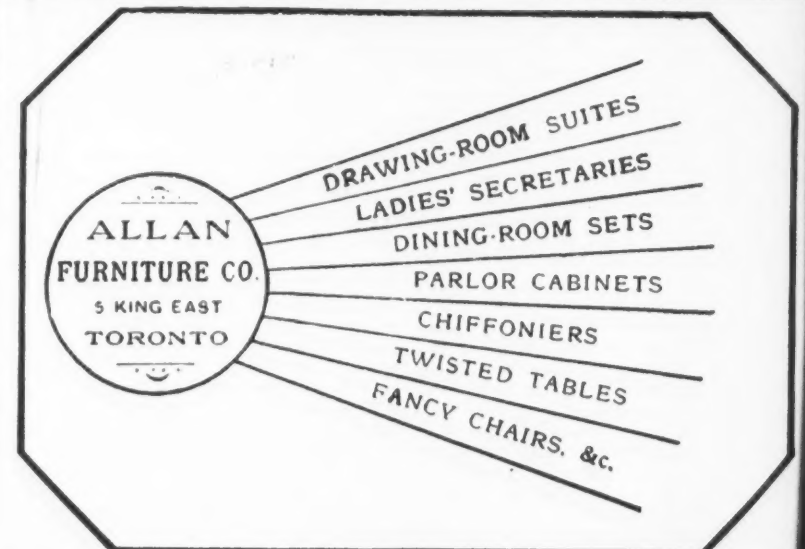


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